



Heath sc

C H A R L E S M A C K L I N

Publisd Feb. 1. 1793. by W^m Jones. N^o 86, Dame Street Dublin.



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11784. 98/6.
J O N E S's

BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING,

I.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

II.

THE TRUE BORN IRISHMAN,

III.

LOVE A LA MODE.

IV.

THE GOVERNESS.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY JOHN CHAMBERS,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, No. 86, DAME-STREET.

1795.

NO. 2.

BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.



LOVE

IV.

THE COVER

DUBLIN

PRINTED BY JOHN CHAMBERS

FOR WILLIAM BENTLEY, NO. 22, DARTMOUTH STREET

1795.

THE
MAN OF THE WORLD.

A
COMEDY.

BY CHARLES MACKLIN, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-Royal,
DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, AND
SMOCK-ALLEY.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

* The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation. ~

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPELL,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCIII.

MAN OF THE WORLD.

COMEDY

BY CHARLES MACKLIN, ESQ.



THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 66, D'ARCY STREET,

LONDON

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SMOCK-ALLEY.

Men.

SIR PERTINAX MAC SYCOPHANT,	-	Mr. Macklin.
EGERTON,	- - - - -	Mr. M'Cready.
LORD LUMBERCOURT,	- - - - -	Mr. Mofs.
SIDNEY,	- - - - -	Mr. Swindal.
MELVILLE	- - - - -	Mr. Fottgeral.
COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE,	- - - - -	Mr. G. Dawson.
SERJEANT EITHERSIDE,	- - - - -	Mr. Glenville.
SAM,	- - - - -	Mr. Lynch.
JOHN,	- - - - -	Mr. Malone.
TOMLINS,	- - - - -	Mr. Smith.

Women.

LADY MAC SYCOPHANT,	- - - - -	Mrs. Sparks.
LADY RODOLPHA LUMBERCOURT,	- - - - -	Mrs. Egerton.
CONSTANTIA,	- - - - -	Miss Jarrett.
BETTY HINT,	- - - - -	Mrs. Cornelys.
NANNY,	- - - - -	Mrs. O'Neill.

SCENE, Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant's House in the Country.

TIME—Three Hours.

97-14-K0352

THE
MAN OF THE WORLD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Library in Sir PERTINAX's House.

Enter BETTY and FOOTMAN.

Betty.

THE postman is at the gate, Sam, pray step and take in the letters.

Sam. John, the gardener is gone for them, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. Bid John bring them to me, Sam, tell him I'm here in the library.

Sam. I will send him to your ladyship, in a crack.

[Exit Sam.]

Enter NANNY.

Nan. Miss Constantia desires to speak to you, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. How is she now, Nanny, any better?

Nan. Something, but very low spirited still, I verily believe it is as you say.

Bet. Nay, I would take my book oath of it.—I cannot be deceived in that point, Nanny—ay, ay; her business is done; she is certainly breeding, depend upon it.

Nan. Why, so the house-keeper thinks too.

Bet. Nay, I know the father! the very man that ruined her!

Nan. The deuce you do!

Bet. As sure as you are alive, Nanny, or I am greatly deceived, and yet I can't be deceived neither—Was not that the cook that came galloping so hard over the common just now?

Nan. The same. How very hard he galloped. He has been but three quarters of an hour, he says, coming from Hyde Park corner.

Bet. And, what time will the family be down?

Nan. He has orders to have dinner ready by five; there are to be lawyers, and a great deal of company. — He fancies there is to be a private wedding here to-night, between our young master Charles, and lord Lumbercourt's daughter—the Scotch lady:—who, he says, is just come from Bath on purpose to be married to him.

Bet. Ay, ay, lady Rodolpha, as they call her, nay, like enough: for I know it has been talked of a good while; well, go tell Miss Constantia that I will be with her immediately.

Nan. I shall, Mrs. Betty. [Exit Nanny.]

Bet. So! I find they all believe the impertinent

creature is breeding, that is pure, it will soon reach my lady's ear, I warrant.

Enter JOHN, with letters.

Well, John, ever a letter for me?

John. No, Mrs. Betty, but here's one for Miss Constantia.

Bet. Give it me—hem—my lady's hand.

John. And here is one which the postman says is for my young master, but it is a strange direction [*reads.*] To Charles Egerton, esq.

Bet. O! yes—yes—that is for master Charles, John, for he has dropt his father's name of Mac Sycophant, and has taken up that of Egerton.—The Parliament has ordered it.

John. The parliament! pry'thee why so, Mrs. Betty?

Bet. Why, you must know, John, that my lady, his mother, was an Egerton by her father; she stole a match with our old master, for which all her family, on both sides have hated sir Pertinax, and the whole crew of the Mac Sycophants ever since.

John. Except master Charles, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. O! they doat upon him, for tho' he be a Mac Sycophant, he's the pride of all my lady's family.—And so, John, my lady's uncle, sir Stanley Egerton, dying an old batchelor, and, as I said before, mortally hating our old master, and the whole crew of the Mac Sycophants, left his whole estate to master Charles, who was his god-son; but on condition tho', that he shou'd drop his father's name of Mac Syco-

phant, and take up that of Egerton, and that is the reason, John, why the parliament has made him change his name.

John. I am glad that master Charles has got the estate however, for he is a sweet tempered gentleman.

Bet. As ever lived, but come, John, as I know you love Miss Constantia, and are fond of an opportunity of speaking to her, I will make you happy, you shall carry her letter to her.

John. Shall I, Mrs. Betty? I am very much obliged to you, where is she?

Bet. In the housekeeper's room, settling the desert.— Give me Mr. Egerton's letter, I will lay it on the table in his dressing room, I see its from his brother, Mr. Sandy; so, now go and deliver your letter to your sweetheart, John.

John. That I will, Mrs. Betty, and I am much obliged to you for the favour of letting me carry it to her; for tho' she should never have me, yet I shall always love her, and wish to be near her, she is so sweet a creature—Your servant, Mrs. Betty, I will kiss the letter for her sake—sweet, sweet, dear Miss Constantia!—O! if I was but kissing her hand, Betty, now, instead of this letter, how happy shou'd I be—Your servant, Mrs. Betty. [*Exit John.*]

Bet. Your servant, John—ha! ha! ha! poor fellow, he perfectly doats on her, and daily follows her about with nosegays and fruit, and the first of every thing in the season; ay, and my young master Charles too, he is in as bad a way as the gardener—in short, every body loves her, and that is one reason why I hate her:—for my part, I wonder what the deuce the

men see in her—a creature that was taken in for charity—I am sure she is not so handsome—I wish she was out of the family once, if she was, I might then stand a chance of being my lady's favourite myself; ay, and perhaps of getting one of my young masters for a sweetheart—or at least, the chaplain—but as to him, there would be no such great catch, if I should get him—I will try for him however; and my first step shall be, to let the doctor know all I have discovered about Constantia's intrigues with her spark at Hadley—Yes, that will do, for the doctor loves to talk with me, and always smiles and jokes with me [*laughs*] he, he,—he loves to hear me talk too, and I verily believe he, he, he, that he has a sneaking kindness for me! besides, this story will make him have a good opinion of my honesty, and that I am sure will be one step towards it.—O bless me! here he comes, and my young master with him—I'll watch an opportunity to speak to him, as soon as he is alone, for I will blow her up, I am resolved, as great a favourite, and as cunning as she is. [*Exit.*]

Enter EGERTON (in great warmth and emotion)

SIDNEY following, as in earnest conversation.

Sid. Nay, dear Charles, but why are you so impetuous! Why do you break from me so abruptly?

Egert. I have done, sir—You have refused—I have nothing more to say upon the subject—I am satisfied.

Sid. [*Spoke with a glow of tender friendship.*] Come,

come, correct this warmth ; it is the only weak ingredient in your nature ; and you ought to watch it carefully ; if I am wrong, I will submit without reserve ; but consider the nature of your request, and how it would affect me. From your earliest youth your father has honoured me with the care of your education, and the general conduct of your mind ; and however singular and morose his behaviour may be towards others, to me he has ever been respectful and liberal. I am now under his roof too—and because I will not abet an unwarrantable passion, by an abuse of my sacred character, in marrying you beneath your rank, and in direct opposition to your father's hopes and happiness—you blame—you angrily break from me, and call me unkind.

Egert. [*With kindness and conviction.*] Dear Sidney, for my warmth I stand condemned ; but for my marriage with Constantia, I think I can justify it upon every principle of filial duty, honour and worldly prudence.

Sid. Only make that appear, Charles, and you know you may command me.

Egert. I am sensible how unworthy it appears in a son to descant on the unamiable passions of a father ; but as we are alone, and friends, I cannot help observing, in my own defence, that when a father will not allow the use of reason to any of his family—when his pursuit of greatness makes him a slave abroad—only to be a tyrant at home—when his narrow partiality to Scotland, on every trivial occasion, provokes him to enmity even with his wife and children, only because they dare give a national preference where they think it is most justly due—and when

merely to gratify his own ambition, he would marry his son into a family he detests. [*With great warmth*]. Sure, Sidney, a son thus circumstanced (from the dignity of human nature, and the feelings of a loving heart) has a right, not only to protest against the blindness of the parent, but to pursue those measures, that virtue and happiness point out.

Sid. The violent temper of Sir Pertinax, I own, cannot on many occasions be defended—but still your intended alliance with Lord Lumbercourt.—

Egert. O! contemptible! A trifling, quaint, haughty, voluptuous! servile too!—the mere lackey of party and corruption; who for the prostitution of near thirty years, and the ruin of a noble fortune, has had the despicable satisfaction, and the infamous honour, of being kicked up, and kicked down, kicked in, and kicked out—just as the insolence, compassion, or conveniency of leaders predominated; and now, being forsaken by all parties, his whole political consequence amounts to, the power of franking a letter, and the right honourable privilege of not paying a tradesman's bill.

Sid. Well, but, dear Charles, you are not to wed my lord, but his daughter.

Egert. Who is as disagreeable for a companion, as her father is for a friend or an ally.

Sid. Ha! ha! ha! What, her Scotch accent, I suppose, offends you?

Egert. No—upon my honour—not in the least, I think it entertaining in her, but were it otherwise, in decency—and, indeed, in national affection (being a Scotchman myself) I can have no objection to her on that account—besides, she is my near relation.

Sid. So I understand, but how comes Lady Rodolpha, who, I find, was born in England, to be bred in Scotland?

Egert. From the dotage of an old, formal, obstinate, stiff, rich, Scotch Grandmother; who, upon a promise of leaving this grandchild all her fortune, which is very considerable, wou'd have the girl sent to her to Scotland, when she was but a year old; and there has she been bred up ever since, with this old lady, in all the vanity, and unlimited indulgence, that fondness and admiration could bestow on a spoiled child, a fancied beauty! and a pretended wit!

Sid. O! you are too severe on her.

Egert. I do not think so, Sidney; for she seems a being expressly fashioned by nature, to figure in these days of levity and dissipation! her spirits are inexhaustible! her parts strong and lively! with a sagacity that discerns, and a talent not unhappy in painting the weak side of whatever comes before her.—But what raises her merit to the highest pitch, in the laughing world is, her boundless vanity, in the exertion of those talents, which often renders herself much more ridiculous, than the most whimsical of the characters she exposes.—And is this a woman fit to make my happiness? This the partner that Sidney would recommend to me for life? To you, who best know me, I appeal.

Sid. Why, Charles, it is a delicate point—unfit for me to determine—besides your father has set his mind upon the match.

Egert. [*Impatiently.*] All that I know—but still I ask, and insist upon your candid judgment, is she the

kind of woman that you think cou'd possibly contribute to my happiness?—I beg you will give me an explicit answer.

Sid. The subject is disagreeable—But since I must speak—I do not think she is.

Egert. I know you do not ; and I am sure you never will advise the match.

Sid. I never did—I never will.

Egert. [*With a start of joy.*] You make me happy—which, I assure you, I never could be with your judgment against me on this point.

Sid. And yet, Charles, give me leave to observe, that Lady Rodolpha, with all her ridiculous laughing vanity, has a goodness of heart, and a kind of vivacity, that not only entertains, but upon seeing her two or three times, improves upon you, and when her torrent of spirits abates, and she condescends to converse gravely, you will really like her.

Egert. Why, aye, she is sprightly, good-humoured, and tho' whimsical, and often too high in her colouring of characters, and in the trifling business of the idle world, yet I think she has principles and a good heart ; but in a partner for life, Sidney, (you know your own precept—your own judgment) affection, capricious in its nature, must have something even in the external manners—nay, in the very mode, not only of beauty, but virtue itself, which both heart and judgment must approve, or our happiness in that delicate point cannot be lasting.

Sid. I grant it.

Egert. And that mode, that amiable essential, I never can meet with but in Constantia.—You sigh.

Sid. No, I only wish that Constantia had a fortune equal to yours ; but pray, Charles, suppose I had been so indiscreet as to have agreed to marry you to Constantia, would she have consented, think you ?

Egert. That I cannot say positively : but I suppose so.

Sid. Did you never speak to her, upon that subject then ?

Egert. In general terms only ; never directly asked her consent in form ; but I will this very moment, for I have no asylum from my father's arbitrary design, but my Constantia's arms—Pray do not stir from hence—I will return instantly ; I know she will submit to your advice, and I am sure you will persuade her to my wish, as my life, my peace, my earthly happiness depend upon my Constantia.

[*Exit.*

Sid. Poor Charles ! He little dreams that I love Constantia—but to what degree I knew not myself, till he importuned me to join their hands.—Yes, I love, but must not be a rival—for he is dear to me as fraternal friendship—my benefactor, my friend, and that name is sacred. It is our better self, and ought to be preferred.—For the man who gratifies his passions at the expence of his friend's happiness, wants but a head to contrive, for he has a heart capable of the blackest vice.

Enter BETTY, running up to him.

Bet. I beg pardon, sir, for my intrusion ; I hope, sir, I do not disturb you.

Sid. Not in the least, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I humbly hope you will excuse me, sir,—but I wanted to break my mind to your honour—about a scruple—that lies upon my conscience—and, indeed, I shou'd not have presumed to trouble you, sir, but that I know you are my young master's friend—and, indeed, a friend to the whole family—*[runs up to him and curtsies very low.]* for to give you your due, sir, you are as good a preacher as ever went into a pulpit.

Sid. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Do you think so, Mrs. Betty ?

Bet. Ay in truth do I—and as good a gentleman too as ever came into a family, and one that never gives a servant a hard word ; nor that does any one an ill turn, neither behind one's back, nor before one's face.

Sid. Ha ! ha ! ha !—why you are a mighty well-spoken woman, Mrs. Betty, and I am extremely beholden to you for your good character of me.

Bet. Indeed, sir, it is no more than what you deserve ; and what all the servants say of you.

Sid. I am much obliged to them, Mrs. Betty—But pray, what are your commands with me ?

Bet. Why, I will tell you, sir,—to be sure, I am but a servant, as a body may say, and every tub should stand upon its own bottom ; but *[she holds him familiarly, looks about cautiously, and speaks in a low familiar tone of great secrecy.]* my young master is now in the china room, in close conference with Miss Constantia—I know what they are about—but that

is no business of mine—and therefore I made bold to listen a little ; because you know, sir, one would be sure, before one took away any body's good name.

Sid. Very true, Mrs. Betty—very true, indeed.

Bet. Oh ! heavens forbid that I should take away any young woman's good name, unless I had good reason for it :—But, sir, if I am in this place alive—as I listened with my ear close to the door—I heard my young master ask Miss Constantia—the plain marriage question ; upon which, I started and trembled—nay, my very conscience stirred within me so, that I, I, I cou'd not help peeping thro' the key-hole.

Sid. Ha ! ha ! ha !—And so your conscience made you peep thro' the key-hole, Mrs. Betty ?—Ha !

Bet. It did indeed, sir, and then I saw my young master down upon his knees ; and what do you think he was doing ?—Lord bless us !—kissing her hand, as if he would eat it ; and protesting and assuring her, he knew that you, sir, would consent to the match—and then, O ! my good sir, the tears ran down her cheeks as fast——

Sid. Ay !

Bet. [*Crying tenderly.*] They did indeed, sir ; I wou'd not tell your reverence a lie for the world.

Sid. I believe it, Mrs. Betty, I believe it ; and what did Constantia say to all this ?

Bet. [*Snearing severely, and shaking her head.*] O ! she is sly enough—she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, but all is not gold that glistens—smooth water you know runs deepest, [*speaks this with*

sorrow] I am sorry my young master makes himself such a fool, very sorry, indeed; but um—ha—take my word for it, he is not the man, [*sneeringly.*] for tho' she looks as modest as a maid at a christening. [*hesitating.*] Yet, a—when sweethearts meet in the dusk of the evening—and stay together a whole hour in a dark grove—and—a—embrace—and kiss—and weep at parting—why then you know, sir—it is easy to guess althe rest.

Sid. Why, did Constantia meet any body in this manner?

Bet. [*Starting with surprise.*] O, Heavens! I beg, sir, you will not misapprehend me! for I assure you I do not believe they did any harm—that is—not in the grove—at least not when I was there—and she may be honestly married for aught I know—O lud! Sir, I would not say an ill thing of Miss Constantia for all the world—for to be sure she is a good creature—'tis true my lady took her in for charity—and, indeed, has bred her up to the music, and figures—ay, and to reading all the books about Homer—and Paradise—and gods and devils—and every thing in the world—as if she had been a duchess;—but some people are born with luck in their mouths—and then—as the saying is, you may throw them into the sea—[*deports herself most affectedly.*]—but if I had had dancing masters, and music, and French monsieurs to teach me, *'smiles, coquets, and puts on important airs of affectation*] I believe I might read the globes, and the maps, and have danced, and have been as clever as other folks.

Sid. Ha ! ha ! ha !—No doubt of it, Mrs. Betty, no doubt in the least. But, Mrs. Betty, you mentioned something of a dark walk—about kissing—a sweetheart—and Constantia.

Bet. O lud ! Sir, I don't know any thing of the matter—she may be very honest for ought I know—I only say, that they did meet in the dark walk ; and all the servants are laughing and tittering, and constantly observing, that Miss Constantia wears her stays very loose—looks very pale—is sick in a morning, and after dinner ;—and as sure as my name is Betty Hint, something has happened that I won't name ; but nine months hence, a certain person in this family, may ask me to stand godmother, for I think I know what's what, when I see it, as well as another.

Sid. No doubt you do, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I do, indeed, sir, and [*he cries, turns up her eyes, and acts a most friendly devout hypocrisy.*] I am very sorry for Miss Constantia, I never thought she would have taken such courses—for in truth, I love her as if she were my own sister—and tho' all the servants say she is breeding, yet, for my part, I don't believe it—but one must speak according to one's conscience you know, sir.

Sid. I see you do, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I do indeed, sir, and so your servant, sir—[*Going away and returning.*] But I hope your worship will not mention my name in this business, or that you had any item from me.

Sid. I shall not, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. For indeed, sir, I am no busy-body—nor do I love fending and proving—and I assure you, sir, I hate all tattling and tattling, and gossiping, and back-biting, and taking away a young person's character, be her ever so bad.

Sid. I observe you do, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. I do indeed, sir, I am the farthest from it in the world.

Sid. I dare say you are.

Bet. I am indeed, sir, and so your humble servant.

Sid. Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

Bet. [*Aside in great exultation.*] So! I see he believes every word I say—that's charming—I will do her business for her, I am resolved. [*Exit.*]

Sid. What can this ridiculous creature mean—by her dark walk—her private spark—her kissing—and all her slanderous insinuations against Constantia, whose conduct is as unblameable as innocence itself? I see envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench, as in the vainest or most ambitious lady of the court. It is always a most infallible mark of the basest nature, and merit in the lowest, as in the highest station, must feel the shafts of Envy's constant agents, Falsehood and Slander.

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir, Mr. Egerton and Miss Constantia, desire to speak with you in the china room.

Sid. Very well, Sam. [*Exit Sam.*]

I will not see them—What is to be done? Inform

his father of his intended marriage.—No; that must not be—for the overbearing temper, and ambitious policy of Sir Pertinax, would exceed all bounds of moderation. He has banished one son already, only for daring to differ from his judgment concerning the merits of Scotch and English historians. But this young man must not marry Constantia—would his mother were here: she, I suppose, knows nothing of his indiscretion, but she shall the moment she comes hither—I know it will offend him—no matter, it is our duty to offend, when the offence saves the man we love from a precipitate action, which the world must condemn, and his own heart, perhaps, upon reflection, for ever repent. Yes, I must discharge the duty of my function, and a friend, tho' I am sure to lose the man whom I intend to serve.

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter EGERTON and CONSTANTIA.

Constantia.

MR. Sidney is not here, sir.

Egert. I assure you I left him here, and begged that he would stay till I returned.

Const. His prudence, you see, sir, has made him retire, therefore we had better defer the subject till he is present. In the mean time, sir, I hope you will permit me to mention an affair, that has greatly alarmed and perplexed me; I suppose you guess what it is?

Egert. I do not upon my word.

Const. That's a little strange. You know, sir, that you and Mr. Sidney did me the honour of breakfasting with me this morning in my little study.

Egert. We had that happiness, madam.

Const. Just after you left me, opening my book of accounts, which lay in the drawer of the reading desk, to my great surprise, I there found this case of jewels, containing a most elegant pair of ear-rings, and a neck-lace of great value, and two bank bills in this pocket-book, the mystery of which, I presume, sir, you can explain.

Egert. I can.

Const. They are of your conveying, then.

Egert. They were, madam.

Const. I assure you they startled and alarmed me.

Egert. I hope it was a kind alarm; such as blushing Virtue feels, when with her hand, she gives her heart and last consent.

Const. It was not, indeed, sir.

Egert. Do not say so, Constantia—come, be kind at once; my peace and worldly bliss depend upon this moment.

Const. What wou'd you have me do?

Egert. What love and virtue dictate.

Const. O! sir, experience but too severely proves that such unequal matches as ours, never produce aught but contempt and anger in parents, censure from the world, and a long train of sorrow and repentance in the wretched parties, which is but too often entailed upon their hapless issue.

Egert. But that, Constantia, cannot be our condition, for my fortune is independent and ample, equal to luxury and splendid folly; I have a right to choose the partner of my heart.

Const. But I have not, sir—I am a dependant on my lady—a poor, forsaken, helpless orphan, your benevolent mother found me; took me to her bosom, and there supplied my parental loss, with every tender care, indulgent dalliance, and with all the sweet persuasion that maternal fondness, religious precepts, polished manners, and hourly example cou'd administer. She fostered me, [*Weeps.*] and shall I now turn viper, and, with black ingratitude, sting the tender heart that thus has cherished me? Shall I seduce her house's heir, and kill her peace?—No; tho' I lov'd to the mad extreme of female fondness—tho' every worldly bliss, that woman's vanity, or man's ambition cou'd desire, followed the indulgence of my love; and all the contempt and misery of this life, the denial of that indulgence, I would discharge my duty to my benefactress, my earthly guardian, my more than parent.

Egert. My dear Constantia, your prudence, your gratitude, and the cruel virtue of your self-denial, do but increase my love, my admiration, and my misery.

Const. Sir, I must beg you will give me leave to return these bills and jewels.

Egert. Pray do not mention them—Sure my kindness and esteem may be indulged so far, without suspicion or reproach. I beg you will accept of them, nay, I insist.

Const. I have done, sir—my station here is to obey—I know they are the gifts of a virtuous heart, and mine shall convert them to the tenderest and most grateful use—[*Weeps.*]

Egert. Hark! I hear a coach—it is my father—dear girl retire and compose yourself—I will send Sidney and my lady to you; and by their judgment we will be directed. Will that satisfy you?

Const. I can have no will but my lady's—With your leave, I will retire—I would not see her in this confusion.

Egert. Dear girl, adieu—and think of love, of happiness, and the man, who never can be blest without you. [Exit Con.]

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir Pertinax, and my lady, are come, sir, and my lady desires to speak with you in her own room. O! she is here, sir. [Exit Sam.]

Enter Lady MAC SYCOPHANT.

L. Mac. [*In great confusion and distress.*] Dear child, I am glad to see you, why did you not come to

town yesterday to attend the levee? Your father is incensed to the uttermost at your not being there.

Egert. [*In great warmth.*] Madam, it is with extreme regret I tell you, that I can no longer be a slave to his temper, his politics, and his scheme of marrying me to this woman. Therefore, you had better consent at once to my going out of the kingdom, and to my taking Constantia with me; for without her, I never can be happy.

L. Mac. As you regard my peace, or your own character, I beg you will not be guilty of so rash a step.—You promised me you would never marry her without my consent. I will open it to your father—Pray, dear Charles, be ruled, let me prevail. Here he comes, I will get out of his way—but I beg, Charles, while he is in this ill humour, that you will not oppose him, let him say what he will—when his passion is a little cool, I will return and try to bring him to reason—but pray do not thwart him.

Egert. Madam, I will not.

[*Exit L. Mac.*]

Enter Sir PERTINAX, in great haughtiness and anger.

Sir Pert. Weel, sir, vary weel! vary weel!—Are not you a very fine fellow; a hagh——

Enter TOMLINS.

What want you, sir?

Tom. Sir, the groom is come back—he has been as far as Hammer Smith, and the turnpike men, and

every person upon the road, are sure that Lord Lumbarcourt has not passed by this day.

Sir Pert. Let them take the chesnut gelding and return to town directly, and enquire at my lord's house, whether he is at home, or if they know what is become of him—and do you hear—the moment that Counsellor Plausible and Mr. Serjeant Either-side arrive, let me know it. [*Exit Tomlins.*] Weel, sir, pray what do you think of yourself, are not you a fine spark?—are not you a fine spark, I say?—So you would not come up to the levee?

Egert. Sir, I beg your pardon, but I—I—I was not very well—besides, I did not think that my presence there was necessary.

Sir Pert. [*Snaps him up.*] Sir, it was necessary—I tauld ye it was necessary—and, sir, I must now tell you, that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Egert. I am sorry you think so, sir—I am sure I do not intend to offend you.

Sir Pert. I care not what you intend, sir, I tell you, you do offend—what is the meaning of this conduct?—neglect the levee!—neglecting the levee is such a contempt, and such an ignorance of the world, that, 'sdeath, sir, your—What is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands? [*Egerton bows.*] None of your bowing and fighing, sir, give me an immediate answer.

Egert. [*With a stifled filial resentment.*] Sir, I own I am not used to levees; nor do I know how to dispose of myself, or what to say or do in such a station.

Sir Pert. [*With a proud angry resentment.*] Zounds, sir, do you not see, what others do gentle and simple ; temporal and spiritual ; Lords, Members, Judges, Generals, and Bishops, aw crouding, burstling, pushing foremost intul the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a luock or a smile fra the great Mon—which they meet with an amicable risibility of aspect, a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating co-operation of the whole mon, which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates, that they luock upon themselves as the suppliant appendage of his power, and the in-lifted Swifs of his political fortune.—This, sir, is what you ought to do – and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for these five and thirty years—let wha wou'd be minister.

Egert. [*Aside.*] Contemptible !

Sir Pert. What is that ye mutter, sir ?

Egert. Only a slight reflection, sir, not relative to you.

Sir Pert. Sir, your absenting yourself from the levee at this juncture, is suspeecious ; it is luocked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your country men are highly offended with your conduct, for, sir, they do not look upon you as a friend, or a well-wisher to Scotland, or to Scotchmen.

Egert. [*With a quick warmth.*] Then, sir, they wrong me, I assure you ; but pray, sir, in what particular can I be charged, either with coldness, or offence to my country ?

Sir Pert. Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle (Sir Stanly Egerton) left you this three thousand

pounds a year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are growing proud, that you have estranged yourself fra the Mac Sycophants—have associated with your mother's family—with the opposition, and with those who do not wish weel to Scotland—besides sir, in a conversation the other day after dinner, at your cousin Campbell M'Kenzie's before a whole table full of your ayn relations, did you not publicly wish a total extinguishment of aw party, and of aw national distinctions whatever relative to the three kingdoms. [*With great anger.*] And was that a prudent wish before so many of your ain countrymen, and be damn'd to you? Or was it a filial language to hold before me?

Egert. Sir, with your pardon, I cannot think it unfilial or imprudent; [*with a most patriotic warmth.*] I own, I do wish, most ardently wish, for a total extinction of all parties; particularly, that those of English, Irish, and Scotch, might never more be brought into contest or competition, unless like loving brothers, in general emulation for one common cause.

Sir Pert. How, sir, do you persist? What would you banish aw party and distinction between English, Irish, and your ain countrymen?

Egert. [*With great dignity of spirit.*] I would, sir.

Sir Pert. Then damn ye, sir, ye are nai true Scot!—Ay, sir, you may luock as angry as you wuol—but again, I say—ye are nai true Scot!

Egert. Your pardon, sir, I think he is the true Scot, and the true citizen; who wishes equal justice to the merit and demerit of every subject of Great Britain, amongst whom, I know but of two distinctions.

Sir Pert. Weel, fir, and what are thofe? What are thofe?

Egert. The knave, and the honeft man.

Sir Pert. Pshaw! ridiculous—nonsense!—ftuff!—all idle hacknied oppofition, cant, and nonsense.

Egert. And, he, fir, who makes any other, be him of the North, or of the South, of the Eaft, or of the Weft, in place, or out of place; is an enemy to the whole, and to the virtues of humanity!

Sir Pert. Ay, fir, this is your brother's impudent doctrine—for the which I have banifhed him for ever fra my prefence, my heart, and my fortune.—Sir, I will have nai fon of mine, becaufe truly he has been educated in an Englifh feminary, presume (under the mask of public candor) to fpeak againft his native land, or my principles, fir—Scotsmen—Scotsmen—fir, wherever they meet throughout the globe fhould unite and ftick together, as it were in a political phalanx.

Egert. That is a fevere judgment, fir, and according to my obfervation, and indeed my frequent experience, confiftent neither with truth, nor the indifcriminate affection of impartial nature.

Sir Pert. How, fir, not confiftent with truth?

Egert. Not in my opinion, fir, for I, who am a Scotchman as well as you, have met with as warm friendships, and as many too, out of Scotland, as ever I met with in it.

Sir Pert. Sir, I do not believe you!—I do not believe you!—But, fir, you have a faucy, lurking prejudice againft your ain country, you hate it—yes, your mother, her family, and your brother, fir, have aw

the same disaffected rankling, and by that, and their politics together, they will be the ruin of you, themselves, and aw' who connect with them: however, nai mair of that now, I weel talk at large with ye about that business anon — In the mean time, sir, notwithstanding your contempt of my advice, and your disobedience till my commands, I will convince you of my paternal attention till your welfare, by my management with this voluptuary—this Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter you are to marry—ye ken, sir, that the fellow has been my patron these three and tharty years.

Egert. True, sir.

Sir Pert. Vary weel—and now, sir, you see by his prodigality, he is become my dependant, and accordingly, I have made my bargain with him. The dee'l a baubee he has in the world, but what comes thro' these clutches; for his whole estate, which has three impleecit boroughs on it, mark—is now in my custody at nurse; the which estate, on my paying off his debts, and allowing him a life-rent of seven thousand pounds per annum, is to be made over till me for my life; and at my death it is to descend till ye, and your issue.—The peerage of Lumbercourt, ye ken, will follow of course.---So, sir, ye see by this marriage there are three impleecit boroughs, the whole patrimoney of Lumbercourt, and a peerage at one flap---Why it is a stroke---a hit---a hit.---Zounds, sir, a man may live a century and not make sic another hit again.

Egert. It is a very advantageous bargain, no doubt, sir---But what will my Lord's family say to it?

Sir Pert. Why, man, he cares not if his family were aw at the dee'l, so that his luxury be but gratified.—Only let him have a race horse till feed his vanity, his polite blacklegs to advise him in his matches on the turf, at cards, and at tennis, and his harridan till drink drams wee him, and in her drunken hysteries to scrat his face and burn his periwig, or let him have a dozen of his dependants, and half a dozen of his Swiss borough voters, sit up all night drinking bumpers of success to the opposition—and double bumpers of destruction to the ministry; and then, sir, the fellow has aw that he wants, and aw that he wishes in this world or the next.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come, sir.

Sir Pert. And my lord?

Tom. Sir, he is about a mile or two behind, the servants say.

Sir Pert. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Pert. Step ye oot, Charles, and receive lady Rodolpha—and I desire, sir, that you wool treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible; for my lord has hinted that ye have been a little remiss as a lover—So go, go, and receive her with warmth and rapture.

Egert. I shall, sir.

Sir Pert. Odzucks, Charles, you shou'd administer a torrent of adulation to her; for women, sir, never thinks a man loves her till he has made an idiot of her understanding by flattery—for flattery, sir, is

the prime blifs of the sex—the nectar and ambrosia of their vanity, so that you can never give them too much of it—go, go, a good lad, and mind your flattery. [*Exit Egerton.*] Ha ! I must keep a tight hand upon this fellow, I see—ah ! I am frightened out of my wits lest his mother's family should seduce him to the opposition party, which would totally ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart—a fine time a day, indeed, for a blockhead till turn patriot—when the character is exploded—marked—proscribed ; why the common people, the very vulgar have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now a days just as they do at a magician, a conjuror, or any other impostor in society.

Enter TOMLINS and Lord LUMBERCOURT.

Tom. Lord Lumbercourt.

[*Exit Tom.*

L. Lum. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir Pert. [*Bows very low.*] Your lordship's most devoted—I rejoice to see you.

L. Lum. Why you stole a march on me this morning—gave me the slip, Mac, tho' I never wanted your assistance more in my life, I thought you would have called upon me

Sir Pert. My dear lord I beg ten millions of pardons for leaving the town before you ; but you ken that your lordship at dinner yesterday positively settled it, that we should meet this morning at the levee.

L. Lum. That I acknowledge, Mac---I did promise to be there, I own.

Sir Pert. You did, indeed, and accordingly I was at the levee, and waiting there till every mortal was gone---and seeing you did not come, I concluded that your lordship was gone before, and away I pelted hither, as I thought after ye.

L. Lum. Why, to confess the truth, my dear Mac---that old sinner, Lord Freakish, General Jolly, Sir Anthony Soker, and two or three more of that set, laid hold of me last night at the opera; and as the general says, I believe by the intelligence of my head this morning, that we drank deep ere we departed---ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! Nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I don't wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee.

L. Lum. The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee; but I wish I had seen you before you left town, I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir Pert. I am heartily sorry then I was not in the way, but on what account my lord did you want me?

L. Lum. Ha! ha! ha! a cursed awkward affair---and ha! ha! ha! yet, I cannot help laughing at it neither---tho' it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir Pert. Vexed you my lord! Zounds, I wish I had been with you---but for heaven's sake, my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

L. Lum. Why that impudent, teasing, dunning

rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer---you know the fellow.

Sir Pert. Perfectly, my lord.

L. Lum. This impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some kind of a something or other in the law, which I think they call---an execution.

Sir Pert. The rascal.

L. Lum. Upon which, sir, the fellow, by way of asking pardon, had the modesty of waiting upon me two or three days ago, to inform my *honour*, ha! ha! ha! as he was pleased to dignify me, that the execution was new ready to put in force against my *honour*, but that out of respect to my *honour*, as he had taken a great deal of my *honour's* money, he would not suffer his lawyer to serve it upon my *honour*, till he had first informed my *honour*, because he was not willing to affront my *honour*--ha! ha! ha!--a son of a whore.

Sir Pert. I never heard of so impudent a dog!

L. Lum. Now my dear Mac---ha! ha! ha! as the scoundrel's apology was so very satisfactory---and his information so very agreeable, I told him that in *honour*, I thought that my *honour*, could not do less than to order his *honour* to be paid immediately.

Sir Pert. Vary weel---vary weel---ye were as complaisant as the scoundrel till the full, I think, my lord.

L. Lum. You shall hear---you shall hear, Mac---So, sir, with great composure, seeing a smart oaken cudgel, that stood very handily in a corner of my dressing room, I ordered two of my fellows to hold the ras-

cal, and another to take the cudgel, and return the scoundrel's civility with a good drubbing, as long as the stick lasted.

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! admirable---afs gude a stroke of humour and fun as ever I heard of---And did they drub him, my lord?

L. Lum. O! most liberally---ha! ha! ha!--most liberally, sir---and there I thought the affair would have rested, till I shou'd think proper to pay the scoundrel; but this morning, sir, just as I was stepping into my chaise---my servants all about me, a fellow, called a tip-staff, stepped up to us, and with a very modest address, requested the favour of my *footman*, who thrashed the upholsterer, and the two that held him, to go along with him, upon a little business---to my Lord Chief Justice.

Sir Pert. The Devil!

L. Lum. And at the very same instant, I in my turn, was accosted by two very civil scoundrels, who, with a most insolent politeness, begged my pardon, and informed me, that I must not go into my own chaise.

Sir Pert. How, my lord, not into your ain carriage?

L. Lum. No, sir, not into my own chaise, for that they, by order of the sheriff, must seize it at the suit of a gentleman, one Mr. Mahogany, an upholsterer.

Sir Pert. An impudent villain!

L. Lum. It is all true, I assure you, so you see my dear Mac, what a damn'd country this is to live in! where noblemen are obliged to pay their debts, just

like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics---is not that a damn'd scandal to the nation, Mac?

Sir Pert. Sir, there is not a nation in the whole world besides, has such a grievance to complain of.

L. Lum. But, sir, what is worse than all that, the scoundrel has seized upon the house too, that I furnished for the girl I took from the opera.

Sir Pert. I never heard of sic an a scoundrel!

L. Lum. Ay, but what concerns me most, my dear Mac, is, I am afraid that the villain will send down to New-market, and seize my string of horses.

Sir Pert. Your string of horses! Zounds! we must prevent that at all events---that would be such a disgrace---I will dispatch an express to town directly, to put a stop till the scoundrel's proceedings.

L. Lum. Prithee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. O! it shall be done, my Lord.

L. Lum. Thou art an honest fellow, upon honour.

Sir Pert. O! my lord, it is my duty to oblige your lordship, to the utmost stretch of my abeelity.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Colonel Toper, presents his compliments to you, sir, and having no family down with him in the country, he, and Captain Hardbottle, if not inconvenient, wil do themselves the *honour* of taking a family dinner with you.

Sir Pert. They are two of our militia officers---does your lordship know them?

L. Lum. By sight only.

Sir Pert. I am afraid, my lord, they will interrupt our business.

L. Lum. Not at all—I should like to be acquainted with Toper ; they say he's a damn'd jolly fellow.

Sir Pert. O, devilish jolly!--devilish jolly!--he and the captain are twa of the hardest drinkers in the country.

L. Lum. So I have heard ; let us have them by all means, Mac---they will enliven the scene. How far are they from you ?

Sir Pert. Just across the meadows---not half a mile my lord ; a step, a step.

L. Lum. O, let us have the jolly dogs, by all means.

Sir Pert. My compliments---I shall be proud of their company. [*Exit Tomlins.*] Guif you please, my lord, we will gang, and chat a bit with the women ; I have not seen Lady Rodolpha since she returned fra Bath, I long to have a leetle news fra her aboot the company there.

L. Lum. O ! she'll give you an account of them, I warrant you. [*Loud laugh within.*]

Lady Rodolpha, [*Within.*] Ha ! ha ! ha!--Well, I vow, cousin Egerton, you have a vast deal of shrewd humour.

L. Lum. Here the hair brain comes---it must be her by the noise.

Lady Rodol. [*Within.*] Allons, gude folks---follow me---sans ceremonie !-----

Enter Lady RODOLPHA, Lady MAC SYCOPHANT, EGERTON, and SIDNEY.

L. Rodol. [*Running up to Sir Pert.*] Sir Pertinax--- your most devoted---most obsequious, and most obedient vassal. [*Curtseys very low.*]

Sir Pert. Lady Rodolpha---doon till the graund, my congratulations, duty, and affection, are at your devotion; and I should rejoice till kifs your ladyship's footsteps. [*Bows ridiculously low.*]

L. Rodol. O, Sir Pertinax, your humility is most sublimely complaisant---at preesent---unanswerable;---but, sir, I shall instantly study to return it fasty fold. [*Curtseys very low*]

Sir Pert. Your ladyship does me a singular honour---weel, madam---ha! you luock gaily---weel, and how, how is your ladyship, after your jaunt till the Bath?

L. Rodol. Never better, Sir Pertinax! as weel as youth, health, riotous spirits, and a carelefs, happy heart can make me.

Sr Pert. I am mighty glad till hear it, my lady.

L. Lum. Ay, ay, Rodolpha is always in spirits, Sir Pertinax---vive la bagatelle---is the happy philosophy of our family---ha! Rodolpha---ha!

L. Rodol. Traith is it my lord; and upon honour, I am determin'd it never shall be changed by my consent, ha! ha! ha!--weel, I vow, vive la bagatelle, would be a most brilliant motto for the chariot of a

belle of fashion---what say you till my fancy, Lady Mac Sycophant?

L. Mac. It wou'd have novelty at least to recommend it, madam.

L. Rodol. Which of ay chairms! is the most delightful! that can accompany wit, taste, love, or friendship: for novelty I take to be the true *je-ne-sçais-quoi* of all worldly blifs. Cousin Egerton, should not you wish to have a wife, with vive la bagatelle, upon her chariot.

Egert. O, certainly, madam.

L. Rodol. Yes, I think it wou'd be new, quite out of the common, and singularly elegant.

Egert. Indisputably so, madam---for as a motto is a word to the wise, or rather a broad hint to the whole world, of a person's taste and principles---vive la bagatelle! would be most expressive, at first sight, of your ladyship's mental character.

L. Rodol. O! master Egerton! you touch my very heart we your approbation!--ha! ha! ha! yes---vive la bagatelle, is the very spirit of my intention, the instant I commence bride! Well, I'm immensely proud that my fancy has the approbation of so sound an understanding, and so polished a taste--as *that* of the all-accomplished Mr. Egerton. [*Curtseys very low.*]

Egert. O! Heavens, madam, your ladyship's pænegyric is most superlatively complaisant---to answer it, madam, would require the ascendancy of the highest heaven of invention, and of its brightest sublimity.

L. Rodol. Weel, I vow master Egerton, you have a most astonishing genius in the complimentary style ; not to be decyphered by the present state of my inexperienced capacity !—but, fir, in order to improve and elevate my intellects, I am determined in a few months to commence a long voyage of air balloon philosophy, on purpose to learn the complimentary sublime, in imitation of master Egerton, that great luminary of wit, humour, and all convivial politeness !

L. Lum. Hey day, hey day ! what the devil are ye both about, with your highest heavens, your air balloons, your sublimity, and your nonsensical jargon : You seem to me, to be playing at riddle my riddle my ree---tell me what my nonsense shall be ; it is all downright jargon, upon honour, I do not understand a single thought of all you have both uttered.

Sir Pert. But I do---I do---and they'll soon understand yan another---But, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted till ask your ladyship some questions aboot the company at Bath---they say ye had aw the world there.

L. Rodol. O yes, there was a very great mob, indeed---but vary little company :---aw canaille---except our ain party---the place was quite crooded with your little purse prood mechanics, an odd kind of queer luocking animals, that hai started intul fortune, fra lottery tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling at Change-alley, and sic caprices of fortune---and awa they aw crood till the Bath.

Sir Pert. Ha ! ha ! admirable ! what a fund of entertainment !

L. Rodol. O, superlative, and inexhaustible, Sir Pertinax, ha! ha! ha!--Madam, we haud in yane group, a peer, and a sharper--a duchess, and a pin-maker's wife--a boarding school miss, and her grandmother--a fat parson, a lean general, and a yellow admiral--ha! ha! ha! aw speaking together, and bawling, and wrangling, and jangling, and fretting, and fuming, in fierce contention, as if the fame and fortune of aw the parties were to be issue of the conflict.

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! excellent, and pray, madam, what was the object of their fierce contention?

L. Rodol. O! a vary important one I assure you!--of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost--or might have been saved--ha! ha! ha!

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Mac. Ridiculous.

L. Lum. Ha! ha! ha! My dear Rodolpha, I have seen that very conflict a thousand times.

Sir Pert. And so have I, upon my honour, my lord.

L. Rodol. In another party, Sir Pertinax, ha! ha! ha! we had what was called the cabinet council! which was composed of a duke, and a haberdasher; a red hot patriot, and a sneering courtier; a discarded statesman, and his scribbling chaplain;--we a busy, brawling, muckle-headed prerogative lawyer--aw of whom were every minute ready to gang together by the lugs, aboot the in and the oot meenistry. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pert. Ha ! ha ! ha !---Weel, that is a droll motley cabinet, I vow, vary whimsical upon my honour---but they are aw great poleeticions at Bath, and settle a meenistry there with afs much ease afs they do a tune for a country dance !

L. Rodol. Then, Sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room, snug in a bye corner, in close conference, we haud a Jew and a beefshop.

Sir Pert. A Jew and beefshop---ha ! ha ! a devilish good connexion, that---and pray, my lady, what were they about ?

L. Rodol. Why, fir, the beefshop was striving to convert the Jew---while the Jew, by intervals, was slyly picking up intelligence fra the beefshop aboot the change in the meenistry, in hopes of making a stroke in the stocks.

Omnes. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Pert. Admirable ! admirable ! I honour the smouse---ha ! ha ! ha ! it was deevilish clever---the Jew distilling the beefshop's brains.

L. Lum. Yes, yes, the fellow kept a sharp look out ; it was a fair trial of skill on both sides, Mr. Egerton.

Egert. True, my lord, but the Jew seems to be in the fairest way to succeed.

L. Lum. O all to nothing, fir, ha ! ha ! ha !---Well, child, I like your Jew and your bishop much. It is devilish clever, let us have the rest of the history, pray my dear.

L. Rodol. Gude traith, my lord, the sum total is, that there we aw daunced, and wrangled, and

flattered, and slandered, and gambled, and cheated, and mingled, and jumbled, and walloped together, till my very bowels went crack again with the woolley wambles.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Lum. Ha! ha! ha!--Well, you are a droll girl, Rodolpha, and upon honour-- ha! ha! ha! you have given us as whimsical a sketch as ever was hit off.

Sir Pert. A yes, my lord, it is an excellent peec-ture of the oddities that one meets with at Bath.

L. Lum. Why yes, I think there is some fancy in it, Egerton.

Egert. Very characteristic, indeed, my lord.

L. Lum. What say you, Mr. Sidney? Don't you think there is something sprightly in her dashing Caledonian genius?

Sid. Upon my word, my lord, the lady has made me see the whole assembly in distinct colours.

L. Lum. Ho! ho! ho! you indelicate creature--- why, my dear Rodolpha, ha! ha! ha! do you know what you are talking about?

L. Rodol. Weel, weel, my lord, guin you lough till you burst, the fact is still true; now in Ederburgh, my lady, in Edenburgh we ha nai sic pinch-gut doings, for there gude traith, we always hai a gude comfortable dish of cutlets, or collops, or a nice warm, favorey haggis, we a gude swag o' whaskey punch till recruit our speerits, aufter our dauncing and swatting.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Pert. Ay, that is much wholsomer, Lady Rodolpha, than aw their slips and flaps here, i' th' sooth.

L. Lum. Ha! ha! ha!--Well, my dear Rodolpha, you are a droll girl, upon honour, and very entertaining, I vow---but, my dear child, a little too much upon the dancing and sweating, and the woolley wambles.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Colonel Toper, and Captain Hardbottle, are come, sir.

Sir Pert. O, vary weel, dinner immediately.

Tom. It is ready, sir.

[*Exit Tom.*]

Sir Pert. My lord, we attend your lordship.

L. Lum. Lady Mac--your ladyship's hand, if you please. [*Leads her out.*]

Sir Pert. Lady Rodolpha, here is a sighing arcadian fwain, that, I believe, has a hand at your ladyship's devotion.

I. Rodol. And I, Sir Pertinax, hai yean at his--- There, sir, [*Gives her hand to Egerton*] as to hearts-ye ken cousin, they are no brought into the account of human dealings now a days.

Egert O, madam, they are meer temporary baubles, especially in courtship, and no more to be depended on, than the weather, or a lottery ticket.

L. Rodol. Ha! ha! ha! twa excellent similies I vow, Mr. Egerton--excellent, for they illustrate the

vagaries and inconstancy of my dissipated heart, as exactly as if ye had meant till describe it. [*Egerton leads her off.*]

Sir Pert. Ha ! ha ! ha ! what a vast fund of spirits and guid-humour she has, Maister Sidney.

Sid. A great fund, indeed, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. Come let us till dinner---ha ! by this time to-morrow, Maister Sidney, I hope we shall have every thing ready for ye to put the last hand to the happiness of your friend and pupil---and then, sir, my cares will be over for this life---for as till my other son Sandy, I expect nai gude of him, nor should I grieve were I to see him in his coffin. But this match---O ! it will make me the happiest of aw human beings !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sir PERTINAX and EGERTON.

Sir Pertinax.

ZOONDS, sir, I will not hear a word about it---I insist upon it ye were wrong---ye shai'd hai paid your court till my lord, and not hai scrupled swallowing a bumper, or twa, or twanty, till oblige him.

Egert. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir Pert. Yas, ye did; but how? how? Just as a bairn takes phee-syc, we aversion, and wry faces, whach my lord observed. Then to mend the maiter, the moment that he and the colonel get intill a drunken dispute aboot religion, ye silyly slunged awa.

Egert. I thought, sir, it was time to go, when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

Sir Pert. That was not levell'd at you, but at the colonel, in order till try his bottom---but they all agreed that ye and I shou'd drink out of small glassess.

Egert. But, sir, I beg pardon---I did not chuse to drink any more.

Sir Pert. But zoonds, sir! I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

Egert. A necessity! in what respect, sir?

Sir Pert. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage, aboot which I am afraid we shall hai a warm squabble, and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Egert. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

Sir Pert. Yas, sir, it would hai contributed, and greatly hai contributed till assist me.

Egert. How so, sir?

Sir Pert. Nai, sir, it might hai prevented the squabble entirely, for as my lord is prood of ye for a son-in-law, and of your little French songs, your stories, about the popes, and cardinals, and their mistresses, and your bon mots, when ye are in the humour, and

guin you had but staid and been a leetle jolly, and drank half a score bumpers we him, till he got a little tipfy, I am sure when we had him i' that mood, we might ha settled the point among ourselves before the lawyers come; but noo, fir, I donna ken what will be the consequence.

Egert. But, when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, fir?

Sir Pert. The most seasonable--the most seasonable---for, fir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jolity, feen, and gude fellowship---and, fir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or till settle a dispute we a friend? What is that you shrug your shoulders at, fir? ---and turn up your eyes to heaven, like a duck in thunder!

Egert. At my own ignorance, fir--for I understand neither the philosophy, nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir Pert. I know you do not, fir--and what is worse, ye never weel understand it, as long as ye proceed.--In yean word, Chairles, I hai often tauld ye, and again I tell ye, yeance for aw, that the manœuvres of pleabeelity are as necessary to rise i' the world, as wrangling and logical subtilty at the bar--why, you see, fir, I hai acquired a noble fortune--a princely fortune---and how d'ye think I raised it?

Egert. Doubtless, fir, by your abilities.

Sir Pert. Dootless, fir, ye are a blockhead--Nae, Sir, I'll tell you how I raised it, fir--I raised it by

boowing---by boowing, fir---I never i' my life could stand straight i' the presence of a great man ; but was aw ways boeing, and boeing, and boeing---afs---afs---if it were by instinct.

Egert. How do you mean by instinct, fir ?

Sir Pert. How do I mean by instinct ; why, fir, I mean by---by---by the instinct of interest, fir, which is the universal instinct of mankind, fir ; it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable, nay, what an infaleeble influence, boeing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature---Chairles, answer me sincerely, hai ye a mind till be convinced of the force of my doctrine, by example and demonstration ?

Egert. Certainly, fir.

Sir Pert. Then, fir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I will gi ye a short sketch of the stages of my boowing, afs an excitement, and a land-mark for ye till boow by, and afs an infaleeble nostrum for a man of the world, till thrive in the world.

Egert. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir Pert. Vary weel, fir---sit ye down then, [*Both sit.*] and now, fir, you must recall till your thoughts, that your grandfather was a man whose penurious income of captain's half-pay, was the sum total of his fortune ; and, fir, aw my proveesion fra him, was a modicum of Latin, an expartness at areethmatic, and a short system of worldly counsel, the chief ingredients of which were, a persevering industry---a reegid oeconomy---a smooth tongue---a pliabeelity of temper---and a constant attention till make every great man well pleased we himself.

Egert. Very prudent conduct, sir.

Sir Pert. Therefore, sir, I lay it before ye.---Now, sir, wi these materials, I set out a rough, rawboned strippling fra the north, till try my fortune we them here i' the sooth---and my first step intull the world, was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's coonting-house, here in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Egert. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir Pert. The reverse---the reverse---weel, sir, seeing my sel in this unprofitable seetuation, I reflected deeply. I cast about my thoughts, and concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gate I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it ; now, sir, in this pursuit---beauty---beauty---ah ! beauty often struck mine een, and played about my heart---and fluttered, and beat, and knocked---and knocked---but the deel an entrance I ever let it get---for I observed, that beauty is generally a prood, vain, saucy, expensive sort of a commodity.

Egert. Very justly observed, sir.

Sir Pert. And therefore I left it to the prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford till pay for it, and its stead, sir, mark---I luock'd oot for an antient, well jointered, superannuated dowager---a consumptive, toothless, ptifical, wealthy widow---or a shreeveled, cadaverous, neglected piece of deformity, i' the shape of an eezard, or an apperfiand---or in short, any thing---any thing that had the filler---the filler---for that was the north star of my affection ; do you take me, sir---was nai that right ?

Egert. O doubtless, doubtless, fir.

Sir Pert. Now, fir, where do ye think I ganged to luock for this woman we the filler? Nai till court--nai till play-houses, nor assemblies--nai, fir, I ganged till the kirk--till the anabaptist, eendependant, bradleonian, muckleonian meetings--till the morning and evening service of churches and chapples of ease--and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the methodists---and there, at last, fir, I fell upon an old, rich, sower, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden. She was as tall as a grenadier, and so thin that she luocked, ha! ha! ha! she luocked---just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case---Now, fir, this meeserable object, was releegeiously angry wi herself, and aw the world---and had nai comfort but in a supernatural, vicious, and enthusiastic delirums; ha! ha! ha! fir, she was mad--afs mad as a bedlamite.

Egert. Not impossible, fir---there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir Pert. O numbers, numbers---now, fir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moor-fields, and as soon as I found she had the filler, aha!--in gude truth, I plumpt me doon upon my knees, close by her, cheek by jole, and praid, and sighed, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth, as vehemently afs she could do for the life of her--ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost crackt again---Weel, fir, I watched her motions---

handed her till her chair---waited on her home---got most releegiously intimate we her---in a week married her---in a fortnight buried her---in a month touched the filler---and we a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful veefage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again---and this, fir, was the first effectual boow I ever made, till the vanity of human nature.---Now, fir, d'ye understand this doctrine ?

Egert. Perfectly well, fir.

Sir Pert. Ay, boot was it not right ? Was it not ingenious, and weel hit off ?

Egert. Extremely well, fir.

Sir Pert. My next boow, fir, was till your ain meether, whom I ran away wi fra the boarding school---by the interest of whose family, I got a good smart place in the treasury---and, fir, my vary next step was intill Parliament---the whach I entered we as ardent, and afs determined an ambection afs ever agitated the heart o' Ceafer himself!--and then, fir, I changed my character entirely.--Sir, I boowed, and watched, and harkened, and lurked for intilligence, and ran aboot backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the very boowels of his confeedence; and then, fir, I wriggled, and wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled till I wriggled myself among the vary thick o' them, till I got my snack of the cloathing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery teeckets, and aw the poleetical bonusses---till at length, fir, I became a much wealthier mon, than one-half o' the golden calves I had been, so

long a boowing to. [*He rises, Egerton rises too.*]
And was not that boowing to some purpose, sir?—
Ha!

Egert. It was indeed, sir.

Sir Pert. But are you convinced of the gude effects,
and of the uteelity of boowing?

Egert. Thoroughly, sir, thoroughly.

Sir Pert. Sir, it is infaleeble—but, Chairles, ah! while I was thus boowing, and wriggling, and making a princely fortune—ah! I met many heart sores, and disappointments frai the want of leeterature, ailoquence, and other popular abeelities. Sir, guin I could hai both spoken i' the house, I shou'd hai done the deed in half the time—boot the instant I opened my mouth there, they aw fell a laughing at me—aw whach deefeeciencies, sir, I determined at any expence till hai supplied by the polished education of a son, who, I hoped, wou'd yean day raise the house of Mac Sycophant till the highest pannicle of meeneesterial ambeetion.—This, sir, is my plan, I hai done my part of it, nature has done hers—Ye are ailoquent, ye are popular—aw parties like ye—and noow, sir, it only remains for ye to be directed—completion follows.

Egert. Your liberality, sir, in my education, and the judicious choice you made of the worthy gentleman, to whose virtues and abilities you entrusted me, are obligations I shall ever remember, with the deepest filial gratitude.

Sir Pert. Vary weel, sir—vary weel—but, Chairles, hai ye haid any conversation yet we Lady Rodolpha,

about the day of your marriage, your laveries, your equeepage, or your establishment?

Egert. Not yet, sir.

Sir Pert. Pah! why, there again noow—ye are wrong, vary wrong.

Egert. Sir, we have not had an opportunity.

Sir Pert. Why, Chairles, ye are very tardy in this business.

[*Lord Lumbercourt sings without, flushed with wine.*

What have we with day to do,

Sons of Care 'twas made for you.]

Sir Pert. O! here comes my lord.

L. Lum. [*Sings without.*] Sons of Care 'twas made for you.

Enter Lord LUMBERCOURT, drinking a cup of coffee, TOMLINS waiting with a salver.

L. Lum. Sons of care 'twas made for you—Very good coffee indeed, Mr. Tomlins. Here, Mr. Tomlins. [*Gives the cup.*]

Tom. Will your lordship please to have another dish?

L. Lum. No, thank ye, Mr. Tomlins. [*Exit Tomlins.*] Well, my host of Scotch pints, we have had warm work.

Sir Pert. Yes, you pushed the bottle about my lord wi the joy and veegar of a bacchanal.

L. Lum. That I did, my dear Mac—no loss of time with me—I have but three motions old boy—

charge—toast—fire, and off we go—ha ! ha ! ha !
that's my exercise.

Sir Pert. And fine warm exercise it is, my lord, especially with the half pint bumpers.

L. Lum. Zounds ! it does execution point blank. Ay, ay, none of your pimping acorn glasses for me, but your manly, old English half pint bumpers my dear. Zounds ! sir, they try a fellow's stamina at once—But where's Egerton ?

Sir Pert. Just at hand, my lord—there he stands, luocking at your lordship's picture.

L. Lum. My dear Egerton !—

Egert. Your lordship's most obedient.

L. Lum. I beg pardon, I did not see you—I am sorry you left us so soon after dinner—had you staid, you would have been highly entertained, I have made such examples of the commissioner, the captain, and the colonel.

Egert. So I understand, my lord.

L. Lum. But, Egerton, I have slipt from company for a few moments on purpose to have a little chat with you. Rodolpha tells me, she fancies there is a kind of demur on your side, about your marriage with her.

Sir Pert. A demur ; how so, my lord ?

L. Lum. Why, as I was drinking my coffee with the women just now, I desired they wou'd fix the wedding night, and the etiquette of the ceremony, upon which the girl burst into a loud laugh, telling me she supposed I was joking, for that Mr. Egerton

had never yet given a single glance or hint upon the subject.

Sir Pert. My lord, I have just now been talking till him about his shyness till the lady.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Counsellor Plausible is come, sir, and Serjeant Either-side.

Sir Pert. Why then we can settle the business this very evening, my lord.

L. Lum. As well as in seven years—and to make the way as short as possible, pray Master Tomlins, present your master's compliments and mine to Lady Rodolpha, and let her ladyship know we wish to speak with her directly. [*Exit Tom.*] He shall attack her this instant, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. Ay, this is doing business effectually, my lord.

L. Lum. O! we will pit them in a moment, Sir Pertinax. That will bring them into the heat of the action at once, and save a deal of awkwardness on both sides.—O! here your Dulcinea comes.

Enter Lady RODOLPHA singing, a music book in her hand.

L. Rodol. I have been learning this air of Constantia; I protest her touch on the harpsichord is quite brilliant, and really her voice not amiss. Weel, Sir,

Pertinax, I attend your commands, and your's my paternal lord. [*She curtsseys very low, and my lord bows very low, and answers her in the same tone and manner.*]

L. Lum. Why then, my filial lady, we are to inform you, that the commission for your ladyship, and this enamoured cavalier, commanding you jointly and separately to serve your country in the honourable and forlorn hope of matrimony, is to be signed this very evening.

L. Rodol. This evening, my lord!

L. Lum. This evening, my lady—Come, Sir Pertinax, let us leave them to settle their liveries, wedding suits, carriages, and all their amorous equipage for the nuptial camp.

Sir Pert. Ha! ha! ha! excellent, excellent—well I vow, my lord, ye are a great officer, this is as gude a manoeuver to bring on a rapid engagement as the ablest general of them aw could ha' started.

L. Lum. Ay, leave them together, they'll soon come to a right understanding, I warrant you, or the needle and the load-stone have lost their sympathy.

[*Exit L. Lum. and Sir Pert.*]

[*Lady Rodolpha stands at that side of the stage where Sir Pertinax and Lord Lumbercourt went off, in amazement—Egerton is at the opposite side, who, after some anxious emotions, settles into a deep reflection.*]

L. Rodol. [*Aside.*] Why this is downright tyrannical.

ny. It has quite damped my speerits, and my betrothed, yonder, seems planet-struck too, I think.

Egert. [Aside.] A whimsical situation, mine.

L. Rodol. [Aside.] Ha! ha! ha! methinks we luock like a couple of cautious generals, that are obliged till take the field, but neither of us seems willing till come till action.

Egert. [Aside.] I protest, I know not how to address her.

L. Rodol. He weel nai advance, I see—what am I to do in this affair? gude traith, I weel even do as I suppose many brave heroes hai done before me, clap a gude face upon the matter, and so conceal an aching heart, under a swagging countenance. [*Aside. As she advances, she mocks and points at him, and smothers a laugh.*] Sir, as we hai, by the commands of our gude fathers, a business of some little consequence till transact, I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty of my recommending—a chair till you, for the repose of your body, in the embarrassed deliberation of your perturbed spirit.

Egert. [Greatly embarrassed.] Madam, I beg your pardon. [*Hands her a chair, then one for himself.*] Please to sit, madam. [*They sit down with great ceremony, she sits down first, he sits at a distance from her, silent some time, he coughs, hems, and adjusts himself, she mimics him.*]

L. Rodol. [Aside.] Aha, he's resolv'd not to come too near till me, I think.

Egert. [Aside.] A pleasant interview this—hem—hem.

L. Rodol. [*Aside.*] Hem, he will not open the congress I see—then I weel. [*Very loud.*] Come, fir!—when will you begin? —

Egert. [*Greatly surprised.*] Begin! what, madam?

L. Rodol. To make love till me.

Egert. Love, madam!

L. Rodol. Ay, love, fir!—why you hai never said a word till me yet upon the subject—nor cast a single glance at me, nor heaved one tender sigh, nor even secretly squeezed my loof.—Now, fir, tho' our fathers are so tyrannical, as to dispose of us without the consent of our hearts, yet you, fir, I hope, hai mair humanity, than to think of marrying me, without admanistering some o' preleemeenaries usual on these occasions, if not till my understanding and sentiments, yet till the vanity o' my sex at least—I hope you weel pay some leetle treebute of ceremony and adulation—that, I think, I hai a right till expect.

Egert. Madam, I own your reproach is just, I shall therefore no longer disguise my sentiments, but fairly let you know my heart.

L. Rodol. [*Starts up and runs to him.*] Ah! ye are right, ye are right, cousin—honestly and affectionately right—that's what I like of aw things in my swain—ay, ay, cousin, open your heart frankly till me, as a true loover should—But sit ye down—I shall return your frankness and your passion, cousin, we aw melting tenderness equal to the amorous enthusiasm of an antient herein.

Egert. Madam, if you will hear me.

L. Rodol. But remember ye must begin with fervency, and a most rapturous vehemence, for ye are to consider, cousin, that our match is not till arise from the union of hearts, and a long decorum of ceremonious courtship; but is instantly till start at yeance out of necessity or mere acceident. Ha! ha! ha!—like a match in an antient romance—where ye ken, cousin, the knight and the damsel are mutually smitten and dying for each other, at first sight, or by an amorous sympathy, before they exchange a single glance.

Egert. Dear madam, you entirely mistake.

L. Rodol. And our fathers, ha! ha! ha! our fathers are to be the dark mageecians that are till fascinate our hearts, and conjure us till gether whether we weel or not.

Egert. Ridiculous!

L. Rodol. So, noow cousin, wi the true romantic enthusiasm, ye are till suppose me the Lady o' the Enchanted Castle—and ye—ha! ha! ha!—ye are till be the Knight o' the sorrowful countenance—ha! ha! ha!—and, upon honour, you luock the character admirably—ha! ha! ha!

Egert. Trifling creature!

L. Rodol. Come, sir—why do ye no begin to ravish me—wi your valour, your vows, your knight-errantry, and your amorous frenzy; nay, nay, cousin, guid ye do no begin at yeance, the Lady o' the Enchanted Castle weel vanish in a twinkling.

Egert. Lady Rodolpha, I know your talent for raillery well; but at present in my case, there is a kind of cruelty in it.

L. Rodol. Raillery ! upon honour, cousin, ye mistake me quite and clean—I am serious, very serious, ay, and have cause till be serious—nay, I weel submit my case even till yourself; [*Begins to sob*] can any poor lossy be in a mair lamentable condition than to be sent four hundred miles by the commands of a positive grandmaither, till marry a man who, I find, has nai mair affection for me, than if I had been his wife these seven years.

Egert. Madam, I am extremely sorry——

L. Rodol. But it is vary weel, cousin, vary weel—[*Cries and sobs.*] I see your unkindness and aversion plain enough, and, sir, I must tell you fairly, ye are the ainly man that ever slighted my person, or that drew tears fra these een—but it is vary weel—it's vary weel. [*Cries.*] I weel return till Scotland to-morrow morning, and let my grandmaither know how I hai been affronted by your flights, your contempts, and your averfions.

Egert. If you are serious, madam, your distress gives me a deep concern; but affection is not in our power, and when you know that my heart is irrevocably given to another woman, I think your understanding and good-nature, will not only pardon my past coldness and neglect of you, but forgive, when I tell you, I never can have that honour which is intended me—by a connection with your ladyship.

L. Rodol. How, sir, are ye serious?

Egert. [*Rises*] Madam, I am too deeply interested, both as a man of honour and a lover, to act otherwise with you on so tender a subject.

L. Rodol. And so you perfast in flighting me?—its vary weel.

Egert. I beg your pardon, madam, but I must be explicit, and at once declare, that I never can give my hand—when I cannot give my heart.

L. Rodol. Why then, sir, I must tell ye, that your declaration is sic an affront as nai woman of speerit can, or ought to bear—and here I make a solemn voow never till pardon it—but on yean condition.

Egert. If that condition be in my power, madam—

L. Rodol. Sir, it is i' your poower.

Egert. Then, madam, you may command me.

L. Rodol. Why then, sir, the condection is this, ye must here give me your honour, that nay importunity, command, or menace o' your faither—in fine, that nai consideration whatever, shall induce you to take me Redolpha Lumburcourt till be your wedded wife.

Egert. Madam, I most solemnly promise, I never will.

L. Rodol. And I, sir, in my turn, most solemnly and sincerely thank you for your resolution [*Curtseys.*] and your agreeable aversion—ha! ha! ha! for ye hai made me as happy—as a poor wretch reprieved in the very instant of intanded execution.

Egert. Pray, madam, how am I to understand all this?

L. Rodol. Sir, your frankness and sincerity demand the same behaviour on my side—therefore, without feuther disguise or ambiguity, know, sir, that I my-

self, am as deeply smitten, wi a certain swain, as I understand ye are wi your Constantia.

Egert. Indeed, madam !

L. Rodol. O ! sir, notwithstanding aw my shew of mirth and courage, here I stand as errant a trembling Thisbe as ever sighed or mourned for her Peeramus. O ! sir, all my extravagant leveety and redeeculous behaviour in your presence, noow, and ever since your faither prevailed on mine to consent till this match, has been a premeditated scheme, to provoke your gravity and gude sense intill a cordial disgust and positive refusal.

Egert. Madam, you have contrived, and acted your scheme most happily.

L. Rodol. Then since Cupid has thus luockeely disposed of ye till your Constantia, and me till my swain, we hai naithing till think of noow, sir, but to contrive hoow to reduce the inordinate passions of oor parents intill a temper of prudence and humanity.

Egert. Most willingly I consent to your propofal ; but with your leave, madam, if I may presume so far, pray who is your lover ?

L. Rodol. Why in that too I shall surprife you, perhaps, mere than ever—In the first place, he is a beggar, and in disgrace wi an unforgiving faither—and in the next place, sir, he is [*Curtseys.*] your ain brother.

Egert. Is it possible ?

L. Rodol. A most amorous truth, sir ; that is as far as a woman can answer for her ain heart ; so you see cousin Chairles, that I could nai mingle affections we ye, I hai ne ganged oot o' the family.

Egert. Madam, give me leave to congratulate myself upon your affection—you could not have placed it on a worthier object, and whatever is to our chance in this lottery of our parents, be assured, that my fortune shall be devoted to your happiness and his.

L. Rodol. Generous indeed, cousin, but not a whit nobler, I assure you, than your brother Sandy believes of you; and be assured, sir, that we shall remember it, while the heart feels, or memory retains a sense of gratitude. But now, sir, let me ask one question—pray how is your mother affected in this business?

Egert. She knows of my passion, and will, I am sure, be a friend to the common cause.

L. Rodol. Ah! that's lucky, our first step then must be to take her advice in our conduct, so as to keep our fathers in the dark, till we can hit off some measure, that we'll wind them about till our aim purpose, and the common interest of our aim passion.

Egert. You are very right, madam, for should my father suspect my brother's affection for your ladyship, or mine for Constantia, there is no guessing what would be the consequence; his whole happiness depends upon this bargain with my lord, for it gives him the possession of three boroughs, and those, madam, are much dearer to him, than the happiness of his children; I am sorry to say it, but to gratify his political rage, he would sacrifice every social tie that is dear to friend or family.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir PERTINAX and Counsellor PLAUSIBLE.

Sir Pertinax.

No—no—come away Counsellor Plausible—come away, I say—let them chew upon it—let them chew upon it. Why, counsellor, did you ever hear so impertinant, so meddling, and so obstinate a blockhead, as that Serjeant Either-side? Confound the fellow, he has put me out of aw temper.

Plaus. He is very positive, indeed, Sir Pertinax, and, no doubt, was intemperate and rude--But, Sir Pertinax, I would not break off the match notwithstanding; for certainly, even without the boroughs, it is a very advantageous bargain to you, and your son.

Sir Pert. But zoons, Plausible, do you think I will gee up the nomination till three boroughs? Why, I would rather gee him twenty, aw thirty thousand pounds in any either point of the bargain, especially at this juncture, when votes are likely to become invaluable: Why, mon, if a certain affair comes on, they'll rise above five hundred per cent.

Plaus. You judge very rightly, Sir Pertinax, but

what shall we do in this case? For Mr. Serjeant insists, that you positively agreed to my lord's having the nomination to the three boroughs, during his own life.

Sir Pert. Why, yes, in the first sketch of the agreement, I believe I did consent, but at that time, mon, my lord's affairs did not appear to be half so desperate, as I now find they turn out—Sir, he must acquiesce in whatever I demand—For I have gotten him into such an hobble, that he cannot extricate without me.

Plaus. No doubt, Sir Pertinax, you have him absolutely in your power.

Sir Pert. Vary well, and ought not a man to make his advantage of it?

Plaus. No doubt you ought—no manner of doubt.—But, Sir Pertinax, there is a secret spring in this business, that you do not seem to perceive, and which I am afraid, governs the matter respecting these boroughs.

Sir Pert. What spring do you mean, counsellor?

Plaus. Why Serjeant Either-side, I have some reason to think that my lord is tied down by some means or other to bring the serjeant in the very first vacancy for one of those boroughs—now that I believe is the sole motive, why the serjeant is so very strenuous, that my lord should keep the boroughs in his own power, fearing that you might reject him, for some man of your own.

Sir Pert. Odds wounds, and death, Plausible—ye are clever—devilish clever—by the blood, ye have hit upon the very strength, that has made all this dis-

cord—I see it—I see it now—But haud—haud—bide a wee a bit—a wee bit mon—I hai a thought come in till my head—Yas, I think noow Plaufible wee a little care in our negociation, that this vary string properly tuned may be still made to produce the harmony we wish for ; yes, yes, I hai it. This serjeant I see understonds business, and if I am not mistaken knows how till take a hint.

Plauf. O ! nobody better, Sir Pertinax—nobody better.

Sir Pert. Why then, Plaufible, the short road is always the best ; wee sic a mon ye must even come up to his mark at yeance, and assure him frae me, that I weell secure him a seat for yean of these vary boroughs.

Plauf. O that will do, Sir Pertinax—that will do, I'll answer for it.

Sir Pert. And further, I beg ye weel let him know that I think myself oblig'd till conseeder him in this affair as acting for me, as weel as for my lord, as a common friend till baith, and for the service he has already done us, make my special compliments till him, and pray let this amicable bit of paper be my faithful advocate till convince him of what my gratitude further intends, for his great [*Gives a bank bill*] equity in adjusting this agreement betweext my lord's family and mine.

Plauf. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Sir Pertinax, upon my word this is noble—ay, ay, this is an eloquent bit of paper indeed.

Sir Pert. Maister Plaufible, in aw human dealings

the most effectual method is that of ganging at yeance, till the vary bottom of a mon's heart, for if we expect that men should serve us, we must first win their affections, by serving them—Oh, here they baith come.

*Enter Lord LUMBERCOURT, and Serjeant EITHER-
SIDE.*

L. Lum. My dear Sir Pertinax, what could provoke you to break off this business so abruptly? You are really wrong in the point, and if you will give yourself time to recollect, you will find that my having the nomination to the boroughs for my life, was a preliminary article—and I appeal to Mr. Serjeant Either-side here, whether I did not always understand so.

Serj. Either. I assure you, Sir Pertinax, that in all his lordship's conversation with me upon this business, and in his positive instructions, both he and I, always understood the nomination to be in my lord, *durante vita*.

Sir Pert. Why then, my lord, to shorten the dispute, all I can say in answer to your lordship is, that there has been a total mistake between us in that point, and therefore the treaty must end here—I give it up—Oh! I wash my hands of it for ever.

Plauf. Well, but gentlemen, gentlemen, a little patience—sure this mistake, somehow or other, may be rectified. Mr. Serjeant, prithee let you and I step into the next room by ourselves, and re-consider the

clause relative to the boroughs, and try if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serj. Either. [*With great warmth.*] Mr. Plaustible, I have considered the clause fully, and am entirely master of the question. My lord cannot give up the point without an equivalent.

Plaust. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Serjeant and me to retire a few moments to re-consider the points?

Sir Pert. Wee all my heart and soul, Maister Plaustible—ainy thing till accommodate your lordship, ainy thing—ainy thing.

Plaust. What say you, my lord?

L. Lum. Nay, I submit it intirely to you, and Mr. Serjeant.

Plaust. Come, Mr. Serjeant, let us retire.

L. Lum. Ay, ay, go Mr. Serjeant, and hear what Mr. Plaustible has to say, however.

Serj. Either. Nay, I will wait on Mr. Plaustible, my lord, with all my heart, but I am sure I cannot suggest the shadow of a reason for altering my present opinion!—Impossible!—Impossible!

Plaust. Well, well, do not be positive, Mr. Serjeant, do not be positive—I am sure reason, and your client's conveniency, will always make you alter your opinion.

Serj. Either. Ay, ay, reason, and my client's conveniency, Mr. Plaustible, will always controut my opinion, depend upon it—Ay, ay, there you are right.—Sir, I attend you.

[*Exeunt lawyers.*]

Sir Pert. I am sorry, my lord, extremely sorry, indeed, that this mistake has happened.

L. Lum. Upon my honour so am I, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. But come now—after all, your lordship must allow ye hai been i' the wrong; come, my dear lord, you must allow that now.

L. Lum. How so—my dear Sir Pertinax?

Sir Pert. Not about the boroughs, my lord, for those I do not mind a bawbee, but aboot your distrust of my friendship; why do you think now (I appeal to your ain breast, my lord) do you think, my lord, that I should ever hai refused, or slighted your lordship's nomination to these boroughs?

L. Lum. Why really I don't think you would, Sir Pertinax, but we must be directed by our lawyers you know.

Sir Pert. Hah! my lord, lawyers are a dangerous species of animals till hai dependance on—they are awways starting punctilios, and diffeecultys among friends: why, my dear lord, it is their interest that aw mankind should be at variance, for disagreement is the very manure wee which they enrich and fatten the land of leeteegation, and as they find that that constantly promotes the best crop, depend upon it, they will awways be sure to lay it on as thick as they can.

L. Lum. Come, come, my dear Sir Pertinax, you must not be angry with Mr. Serjeant for his insisting so strongly on this point—for those boroughs, you know, are my sheet anchor.

Sir Pert. I know it, my lord—and as an instance of my promptness to study, and my acquiescence till your lordship's inclinations, as I see that this Serjeant Eitherside wishes you weel, and ye him, I think now he wou'd be as gude a mon to be returned for ye an of these boroughs as could be pitched upon; and as such, I humbly recommend him to your lordship's consideration.

L. Lum. Why, my dear Sir Pertinax, to tell you the truth, I have already promised him—he must be in for one of them, and that is one reason why I insisted so strenuously—He must be in.

Sir Pert. And why not—Odzoons! why not?—Is nai your word a fiat, and wall it not be always so to me—Are ye nai my friend—my patron—and are we nai by this match of our cheeldren, to be united intill one interest?

L. Lum. So I understand it, I own, Sir Pertinax.

Sir Pert. My lord, it can be no otherwise—then, for heaven's sake, as your lordship and I can have but one interest for the future, let us hai nai mare words about these paltry boroughs, but conclude the agreement at yeance, just as it stands, otherwise there must be new writings drawn, new consultation of lawyers, new objections, and delays will arise, creditors will be impatient, and impertinant; so that wee shall nai finish the Lord knows when.

L. Lum. You are right—you are right—say no more, Mac—say no more—split the lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster-hall could,

—It shall stand as it is—Yes, it shall be settled your own way, for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly.

Sir Pert. No doubt of it, my lord.

L. Lum. O, here the lawyers come—so gentlemen—well, what have ye done?—How are your opinions now?

Enter PLAUSIBLE, and Serjeant EITHERSIDE.

Serj. Either. My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me—fully convinced me.

Plausf. Yes, my lord, I have convinced him—I have laid such arguments before Mr. Serjeant, as were irresistible.

Serj. Either. He has indeed, my lord—besides, as Sir Pertinax gives his honour, that your lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed; why, upon a nearer review of the whole affair, I think it will be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn.

L. Lum. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Serjeant, because that is my opinion too.—So, my dear Either-side, do you and Plausible dispatch the business now, as soon as possible.

Serj. Either. My lord, every thing will be ready for signing in less than an hour; come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.

Plausf. I attend you, Mr. Serjeant.

[Exeunt lawyers.]

L. Lum. And while the lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the women.

Sir Pert. Do—do my lord—and I wull come till you presently.

L. Lum. Very well, my dear Mac—I shall expect you.

[*Exit singing Sons of Care.*]

Sir Pert. [*Alone.*] So, a leetle flattery, mixed wee the finesse of a gilded promise on one side, and a *quantum sufficit* of the *aurum palpabile* on the other, hai at last made me the happiest faither in Great Breetain.—Hah! my heart expands itself as it were thro' every part of my whole body, at the completion of this buseeness, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation.—Haud—haud—bide a wee! bide a wee! I hai yean leetle maiter mair in this affair till adjust, and then, Sir Pertinax, ye may dictate till fortune herself, and send her till govern feuls, while ye shew, and convince the world that wisemen awways govern her.—Wha's there?

Enter FOOTMAN.

Sir Pert. Tell my son Egerton, I waid speak wi him here i' the library. [*Exit Footman*] Now I hai settled the grand point wee my lord, this, I think, is the proper juncture till feel the poleetical pulse of my spark, and yeance for aw, till set it to the exact measure that I would hai it constantly beat.

Enter EGERTON.

Come hither, Charles?

Egert. Your pleasure, sir?

Sir Pert. About twa hoors since I told you, Chairles, that I received this letter exprefs, complaining of your brother's aſteevety at an election i' the north, againſt a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence; and, ſir, ye are mentioned in the letter as well as he; to be plain, I muſt roundly tell you, that upon this interview depends my happineſs aſs a man, and a faither, and my affection till ye, ſir, as a ſon, for the remainder of our days.

Egert. I hope, ſir, I ſhall never do any thing either to forfeit your affection, or diſturb your happineſs.

Sir Pert. I hope ſo too—but to the point—the fact is this—there has been a motion made, this very day, to bring on the grand affair, which is ſettled for Friday ſe'nnight.—Noow, ſir, aſs ye are popular, hai talents, and are weel heard, it is expected, and I inſiſt on it, that ye endeavour till atone for your paſt miſconduct by preparing, and taking a large ſhare in that queſtion, and ſupporting it wee aw your power.

Egert. Sir, I have always divided as you directed, except on one occaſion—never voted againſt your friends, only in that affair, but, ſir, I hope you will

not so exert your influence, as to insist upon my supporting a measure, by an obvious prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character, and to my own conscience.

Sir Pert. Conscience ! Why ye are mad !—Did ye ever hear any mon talk of conscience in poleetical matters ?—Conscience, quotha !—I have been in Parliament these three and thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before.—Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and ye weel be laughed at for it—therefore, I desire ye wull not offer till impose upon me wee such phantoms, but let me know your reason for thus slighting my friends, and disobeying my commands. — Sir, give me an immediate, and precise answer.

Egert Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that you work against my nature, you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor, would make me a devoted slave to selfish leaders, who have no friendship but in faction, no merit but in corruption, nor interest in any measure but their own, and to such men I cannot submit.—For know, sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men, I detest.

Sir Pert. What are you aboot, sir ? Malignant ferment and venal ambition ! every mon should be ambeetious till serve his country, and every mon should be rewarded for it. And pray, sir, would ye not weesh to serve your country ? I say, sir, would ye not weesh to serve your country ?

Egert. Only show me how I may serve my country, and my life is her's; were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes, or could my eloquence pull down a state Leviathan, mighty with the plunder of his country, black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to a free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act it with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit.

Sir Pert. Vary weel, fir!—the fellow is beside himself.

Egert. But to be a common barker at envied power, to beat the drum of faction, and sound the trumpet of insidious patriotism—only to displace a rival—or to be a servile voter in proud corruption's filthy train, to market out my voice, my reason, and my trust, to the party broker who best can promise or pay for prostitution!—These, fir, are services my nature abhors—for they are such a malady to every kind of virtue, as must, in time, destroy the fairest constitution, that ever wisdom framed, or virtuous liberty fought for!

Sir Pert. Why ye are mad, fir!—Ye hai certainly been bit by some mad whig or other.—Ah! ye are vary young—vary young in these matters; but experience wull convince you, fir, that every man in public business has twa consciences, a releegious, and a poleetical conscience. Why, you see a merchant, noow, or a shopkeeper, or a lawyer, that kens the science of the world, awways luocks upon an oath in

a custom-house, or behind a coounter, or in a chancery suit, only as an oath in business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that has naithing till do wee relegion, and just so it is at an election—for instance, noow—I am a candidate, pray observe—and I gang till a perreewig-maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give him ten, twenty, or thraty guineas for a perreewig, hat, or a pair of hose, so on through a majority of votes—vary weel, what is the consequence? Why this you see begets a commercial intercourse, begets friendship betwixt us, and in a day or two these men gang, and give me their suffrages.—Noow, pray, sir, can ye or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, caw this a bribe? hai, sir? in fair poleetical reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the ain side, and gratitude on the other—So, sir, let me hai nai mair of your relegious or philosophical refinements; but prepare, attend, and speak to the question, or ye are nai son of mine; sir, I insist on it.

Enter SAM.

Sam. Sir, my lord says the writing are now ready, and his lordship, and the lawyers, are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir Pert. Vary weel—we'll attend his lordship.—*Exit Sam.*—I tell you, Chairles, aw this conscien-tious refinement in poleetics, is downright ignorance, and impracticable romance; and, sir, I desire I may hear no more of it. Come, sir, let us gang doon, and dispatch the business. [*Going, is stopt by Egert.*

Egert. Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear me a word or two upon this subject.

Sir Pert. Weel, fir, what waid ye say?

Egert. I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match.

Sir Pert. How, fir?

Egert. But my respect, and fear of disoblighing you, fir, kept me silent.

Sir Pert. Your aversion!—your aversion, fir!—How dare you use sic language to me? Your aversion! Luock you, fir, I shall cut the maitter short—confeeder my fortune is nai inheritance, 'tis aw my ain acquiesfection—I can make ducks and drakes of it—so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Egert. I beg your pardon, fir, but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir Pert. Hoow! another woman! and you villain how dare you love another woman weethout my leave? But what other woman? What is she? Speak, fir—speak——

Egert. Constantia

Sir Pert. Constantia! O! ye profligate! What! a creature taken in for charity?

Egert. Her poverty is not her crime, fir, but her misfortune. Her birth is equal to the noblest, and virtue, though covered with a village garb, is virtue still, and of more worth to me than all the splendor of ermined pride, or redundant wealth, and therefore, fir——

Sir Pert. Haud your jaubbering, ye villain!—haud your jaubbering—none of your romance, or refinement till me—I hai but yean question to ask ye—but yean question, and then hai done wee ye for ever—for ever—therefore, think before ye answer—Wee'll ye marry the lady? or wee'll ye break my heart?

Egert. Sir, my presence shall not offend you any longer—but when reason and reflection take their turn, I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for this unpaternal passion. [*Going away.*]

Sir Pert. Tarry, I command ye!—and I command ye likewise, not to stir till ye hai given me an answer, a definitive answer, wull you marry the lady, or wull ye not?

Egert. Since you command me, sir, know then, that I cannot, will not marry her. [*Exit Egert.*]

Sir Pert. O! the villain has shot me through the head!—he has cut my vitals!—I shall run distracted! The fellow destroys aw my measures—aw my schemes—there never was sic an a bargain, as I hai made wi this feulish lord—possession of his whole estate, wee' three boroughs upon it—sax members—why—what an acquiescection?—what consequence!—what dignity!—what weight till the house of Mac Sycophant!—O! dom the fellow!—three boroughs, only for sending down sax broomsticks.—O! meefee-
rable! meefeerable! ruined! undone!—For these five and thraty years, since this fellow came intill the world, I have been secretly preparing him for the seat of ministeerial dignity; and wee the fellow's

ailoquence, abeelitys, popularity, these boroughs, and proper connections, he might certainly in a leetle time hai done the deed.—And sure naver—naver—were times so favourable—avery thing conspires, for aw the auld poleetical post-horses are broken winded, and foundered, and canno get on, and afs till the rising generations, the vanity of surpassing ye an another in what they feulishly call taste, and ailegance, binds them hond and foot in the chains of luxury, which wull awways set them up till the best beeder, so that if they can but get wherewithall till supply their dissipation, a meenister may convert the poleetical morals of aw such voluptuaries intill a vote that would sell the nation till Prester John, and their boasted liberties to the great Mogul. And this opportunity I shall lose, by my son's marrying a vartuous beggar for love — O ! confound her vartue ! it wull drive me distracted !

{Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir PERTINAX, and BETTY.

Sir Pertinax.

COME this way, girl—come this way—you are a gude girl, and I'll reward you for this discovery—O! the villain! offer her marriage!

Bet. It is true indeed, sir—I wou'd not tell your honour a lie for the world; but, in troth, it lay upon my conscience, and I thought it my duty to tell your worship.

Sir Pert. Ye are right—ye are right—it was your duty to tell me, and I'll reward you for it; but, you say, Maister Sidney is in love we her too—Pray hoow come ye by that intelligence?

Bet. O, sir, I know when folks are in love, let them strive to hide it as much as they will—I know it by Mr. Sidney's eyes, when I see him stealing a fly side look at her—by his trembling—his breathing short---his sighing when they are reading together; besides, sir, he made love verses upon her in praise of her virtue, and her playing upon the music—Ay, and I suspect another thing, sir---she has a sweet-heart if not a husband, not far from hence.

Sir Pert. Wha ! Constantia !

Bet. Ay, Constantia, fir—Lord, I can know the whole affair, fir, only for sending over to Hadley, to farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir Pert. Then send this minute, and get me a particular account of it.

Bet. That I will, fir.

Sir Pert. In the mean time, keep a strict watch upon Constantia, and be sure you bring me word of whatever new maiter ye can pick up about her, my son, or this Hadley husband, or sweet-heart.

Bet. Never fear, fir.

[*Exit Betty.*]

Sir Pert. This love of Sidney's, for Constantia, is not unlikely—there is something promising in it—yas, I think it is nai impossible till convert it intill a special and immediate advantage—it is but trying—Wha's there ?—if it misses, I am but where I was.

Enter TOMLINS.

Where is maister Sidney ?

Tom. In the drawing room, fir.

Sir Pert. Tell him I would speak with him—[*Exit Tomlins.*]—'Tis more than probable—spare till spake, and spare till speed—try—try—awways try the human heart—try is as gude a maxim in poleetics as in war.—Why, suppose this Sidney noow, should be privy to his friend Chairles's love for Constantia—what then ?—gude traith it is natural till think, that

his ain love will demand the preference—ay, obtain it too—yas, yas, self—self is an ailloquent advocate on these occasions, and seldom loses his cause. I hai the general preinciple o' human nature at least till encourage me in the expereement, for only make it a mon's interest till be a rascal, and I think we may safely depend upon his integreety in serving himself.

Enter SIDNEY.

Sid. Sir Pertinax, your servant—Mr. Tomlins told me you desired to speak with me.

Sir Pert. Yas, I wanted till speak to ye, upon a vary singular business—Maister Sidney, gi me your hand—guin it did not luook like flattery, which I detest, I would tell ye, Maister Sidney, that ye are an honour till your cloth, your country, and till human nature.

Sid. You are very obliging.

Sir Pert. Sit ye doon here, Maister Sidney—sit ye doon by me, my friend, I am under the greatest obligations till ye, for the care ye have taken of Chairles—the preenceples, releegious, moral, and poleetical, that ye hai infused intill him, demand the warmest return of gratitude, baith frai him, and frai me.

Sid. Your approbation, sir, next to that of my own conscience, is the best test of my endeavours, and the highest applause they can receive.

Sir Pert. Sir, ye deserve—richly deserve it—and noow, sir, the same care that ye hai had of Chairles,

the same my wife hai taken of her favourite Constantia, and sure never were accomplishments, knowledge, or preenciples, social and releegious, infused into a better nature than Constantia.

Sid. In truth, sir, I think so too.

Sir Pert. She is besides, a gentlewoman of as good a family as any o' this country.

Sid. So I understand, sir.

Sir Pert. Her father had a vast estate, which he dissipated and melted in feasting, and friendships, and chareeties, and hospitalities, and sic kind of nonsense—but the business, Maister Sidney—I love ye, yas, I love ye, and hai been luocking oot, and contriving hoow till settle ye in the world. Sir, I want to see you comfortably and honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family, and guin ye were my ain son a thoosand times, I could nai make a mair valuable present till ye for that purpose, as a pairtner for life, than this same Constantia, wi sic a fortune doown we her, as ye yoursel shall deem till be competent; ay, and an assurance of every canonical conteengency in my poower till confer or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly; but tho' the highest station would derive lustre from Constantia's charms and worth; yet, were she more amiable than love cou'd paint her in the lover's fancy, and wealthy beyond the thirst of misers appetite, I cou'd not—wou'd not wed her!—[*Rises.*]

Sir Pert. Not wed her! Odswins mon, ye surprise me! why so, what hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal

—but briefly and finally it cannot be—nor is it a subject I can talk longer upon.

Sir Pert. Weel, sir, I hai done—I hai done—sit doon mon—sit doon again, sit ye doon—I shall mention it no more—not but I must confess honestly till ye, friend Sidney, that the match, had ye approved of my proposal, besides profiting ye, would have been of singular service till me likewise; however, ye may still serve me as effectually as if ye had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will most heartily.

Sir Pert. I believe it, I believe it, friend Sidney, and I thank ye—I hai nai friend till depend upon but—yourself—my heart is awmost broke—I canno help these tears, and to tell ye the fact at yeance, your friend, Chairles, is struck we a most dangerous malady—a kind of insanity—and ye see I canno help weeping when I think of it.—In short, this Constantia, I am afraid has cast an evil eye upon him—do ye understand me?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir Pert. Why he is grievously smitten wi the love o' her, and I am afraid will never be cured without a leetle of your assistance.

Sid. Of my assistance, pray, sir, in what manner?

Sir Pert. In what mainner! Lord, Maister Sidney, why hoow can ye be so dull, why hoow is any mon cured of his love till a wench, but by ganging till bed till her—Now do you understand me?

Sid. Perfectly, sir—perfectly.

Sir Pert. Gude friend, guin ye wou'd but gai him that hint, and take an opportunity till spake a gude

word for him, till the wench, and guin ye would like-wife cast about a leetle now, and contrive till bring them together once---why in a few days after he would nai care a pinch of snuff for her.---[*Sidney starts.*] What is the maitter we you mon? What the deevil gars ye start and look so astonished?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me!--In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness, which intitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir Pert. Indignity!! wha' indignity do ye mean, sir?--is asking ye till serve a friend we a wench an indignity?--Sir, am not I your patron and benefactor? Ha---

Sid. You are, sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart, but the virtuous gratitude that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me in return, that the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitution.

Sir Pert. Hoow! what, sir, d'ye dispute?--are ye nai my dependant? ha! and do you hesitate about an ordinary civility, which is practees'd every day, by men and women of the first fashion, sir---sir, let me tell ye, however nice ye may be---there's nai a client about the court that wou'd nai jump at sic an opportunity till oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust for private lucre may be learned in your party schools; for when faction and public venality are taught as measures necessary to good govern-

ment and general prosperity, there every vice is to be expected.

Sir Pert. O ho ! O ho !---vary weel---vary weel !---fine slander upon meenisters---fine seduction against government---O ! ye villain---ye---ye---ye are a black sheep, and I'll mark ye---I am glad ye shew yoursel---yas---yas---ye hai taken off the mask at last---ye hai been in my service for many years, and I never kened your principles before.

Sid. Sir, you never affronted them before---if you had, you shou'd have---have---known them sooner.

Sir Pert. It's vary weel, I hai done wi ye---ay, ay noow I can account for my son's conduct, his aversion till courts, till meenisters, levees, public business, and his deesobedience till my commands---Ah, ye are a Judas !---a perfeedious Judas !---ye hai ruined the morals of my son, ye villain, but I hai done we ye---however this I will prophecy at our pairting for your comfort---that guin you are so vary squeamish about bringing a lad and a lass together, or about doing sic an harmless innocent job for your patron, you'll never rise in the church.

Sid. Tho' my conduct, sir, shou'd not make me rise in her power, I am sure it will in her favour---in the favour of my own conscience too, and in the esteem of all worthy men ! and that, sir, is a power and dignity beyond what patrons or any minister can confer.

[Exit Sidney.]

Sir Pert. What a reegorous, faucy, stiff neck'd rascal it is---I see my folly now---I am undone by my ain policy ; this Sidney was the last mon that should

hai been aboot my son---the fellow, indeed, hath given him preinciples that might hai done vary weel among the ancient Romans, but are damn'd unfit for the modern Breetons.---Weel, guin I had a thoosand sons, I never wou'd suffer yeane of your university bred fellows till be aboot a son of mine again, for they hai sic an a pride of leeterature, and character, and sic saucy English notion of leeberty continually fermenting in their thoughts, that a mon is never sure of them till he's a Beeshop. Now if I had a Frenchmon or a foreigner of any kind aboot my son, I could hai pressed him at yance untill my purpose, or hai kick'd the rascal oot of my house in a twinkling---but what am I to do? Zounds, he must nai marry this beggar, I cannot sit doon tamely under that---stay---haud---a wee, by the blood I have it---yas, I hai hit upon 't, I'll hai the wench smuggled till the Highlands of Scotland tomorrow morning---yas---yas---I'll hai her smuggled.

Enter BETTY.

Bet. O! fir, I have got the whole secret out!

Sir Pert. Aboot what?---

Bet. About Miss Constantia, I have just had all the particulars from farmer Hilford's youngest daughter---Sukey Hilford!

Sir Pert. Weel, weel, but what is the story? Quick, quick, what is it?

Bet. Why, fir, it is certain, that Mrs. Constantia has a sweetheart or a husband, a sort of a gentleman,

or gentleman's gentleman, they don't know which, that lodges at Gaffer Hodges's, and it is whispered all about the village, that she is with child by him, for Sukey says, she saw them together last night in the dark walk, and Mrs. Constantia was all in tears.

Sir Pert. Zoonds! I am afraid this is too gude news to be true.

Bet. O! sir, it is certainly true, for I myself have observed, that she has looked very pale for some time, and could not eat, and has qualms every hour of the day---yes, yes, sir, depend upon it, she is breeding, as sure as my name is Betty Hint---besides, sir, she has just written a letter to the gallant, and I have sent John the gardener to her, who is to carry it to him to Hadley.---Now, sir, if your worship wou'd seize it---see---see---here John comes with the letter in his hand.

Sir Pert. Step you oot Betty, and leave the fellow to me.

Bet. I will, sir.

[*Exit Betty.*]

Enter JOHN, with a Packet and Letter.

John. There you go into my pocket, [*puts up the packet*] there's nobody in the library, so I'll e'en go thro' the short way---Let me see, what is the name? Mel---Meltill---O! no, Melville, at Gaffer Hodge's.

Sir Pert. What letter is that, sir?

John. Letter, sir!

Sir Pert. Give it me.

John. An please you, sir, it is not mine.

Sir Pert. Deliver it this instant, sirrah, or I'll break your head.

John. There, there, your honour. [*Gives the letter to Sir Pertinax.*]

Sir Pert. Begone, rascal---this, I suppose, wull let us intill the whole businefs.---

John. [*Aside.*] You have got the letter old furly, but the paquet is safe in my pocket. I'll go and deliver that however; for I will be true to poor Mrs. Constantia, in spite of you. [*Exit John.*]

Sir Pert. [*Reads*] Um, um, "And blefs my eyes with the sight of you;" um, um, "throw myself into your dear arms"---Zounds this letter is invaluable! ah! ah! Madam---yas this will do---this will do I think---let me see how it is directed---*To Mr. Melville*---vary weel.

Enter BETTY.

O! Betty, you are an excellent wench---this letter is worth a million.

Bet. It is as I suspected, sir, to her gallant?

Sir Pert. It is, it is---bid Constantia pack oot of the house this instant--and let them get the chaise ready to carry her where she pleases---but first, send my wife and son hither.

Bet. I shall, sir.

Sir Pert. Do so---begone. [*Exit Betty.*] Aha! Maister Chairles, I believe I shall cure you of your

passion for a beggar noow---I think he canno be so infatuated as till be a dupe till a detected strumpet-- Let me see hoow am I till act noow? why, like a true poleetician, I must pretend most sincerity, when I intend most deceit —

Enter Lady Mac SYCOPHANT, and EGERTON.

Weel, Chairles, notwithstanding the meefery ye hai brought upon me, I hai sent for ye and your meither, in order to convince ye baith of my affection, and my readiness till forgive, nay, and even till indulge your perverse passion; for since I find this Constantia has got hold of your heart, and that your meither and ye think, that ye can never be happy without her, why I'll nai longer oppose your inclinations.

Egert. Dear sir, you snatch me from the sharpest misery---on my knees, let my heart thank you for this goodness.

L. Mac. Let me exprefs my thanks too---and my joy---for had you not consented to his marriage here, we all should have been miserable.

Sir Pert. Weel, I am glad I hai found a way till please ye baith at last --but my dear Chairles, [*With paternal tendernefs.*] suppose noow, that this spotless vestal, this wonder of vartue---this idol of your heart, thou'd be a conceal'd wanton after aw!

Egert. A wanton, sir!

Sir Pert. Or shou'd have an engagement of marriage, or an intrigue wi another mon, and is only

making a dupe of ye aw this time---I say, only suppose it, Chairles, what would become ye think of her?

Egert. I shou'd think her the most deep, deceitful, and most subtil of her sex, and if possible, wou'd never think of her again.

Sir Pert. Wi ye gi me your honor o' that?

Egert. Most solemnly, sir.

Sir Pert. Enough---I am satisfied---you make me young again---your prudence has brought tears of joy frai my very vitals---I was afraid ye were faceenated wee the charms of a crack---do you ken this hond?

Egert. Mighty well, sir.

Sir Pert. And ye, madam?

L. Mac. As well as I do my own, sir---it is Constantia's.

Sir Pert. It is so, and a better evidence it is than any that can be given by the human tongue---here is a warm, rapturous, lascivious letter, under the hypocritical syren's ain hond, sir.

Egert. Pray, sir, let us hear it.

Sir Pert. Yas, yas, ye shall hear it---Eloesfa never writ a warmer, nor a ranker till her Abelard---but judge yourselves.

[*Egerton reads.*] "*I have only time to tell you, that the family came down sooner than I expected, and that I cannot blefs my eyes with the sight of you till evening, for my heart has no room for any wish or fortune, but what contributes to your relief and happiness.*"

Sir Pert. O! Chairles! Chairles!--Do you see, sir,

what a dupe she makes of ye?---but mark what follows——

[Egerton reads.] “ O ! how I long to throw myself into your dear, dear, arms, to sooth your fears, your apprehensions, and your sorrows—I have something to tell you of the utmost moment, but will reserve it till we meet this evening in the dark walk.

Sir Pert. In the dark walk ! in the dark walk !--- Ah ! an evil-eyed curse upon her !---yas, yas, she has been often i’ the dark walk, I believe--but list--list——

[Egerton reads.] “ In the mean time, banish all fears, and hope the best fortune, your ever dutiful

Constantia Harrington.”

Sir Pert. There’s---there’s a warm epistle for ye---in shourt, the huffey, ye must know, is married till the fellow.

Egert. Not unlikely, sir.

L. Mac. Indeed, by her letter, I believe she is.

Sir Pert. Nay, I know she is---Now, madam, what amends can ye make me for countenancing your son’s passion for sic an a huffey ? And ye, sir, what ha ye till say for your disobedience and your frenzy ?---O ! Chairles, Chairles, ye’ll shorten my days !

Egert. Pray, sir, be patient---compose yourself a moment---I will make you any compensation in my power.

Sir Pert. Then instantly sign the articles of marriage.

Egert. The lady, sir, has never yet been consult-

ed ; and I have some reason to believe that her heart is engaged to another man.

Sir Pert. Sir, that is nai business of yours---I know she will consent, and that's all we are till consider. ●! here comes my lord.

Enter Lord LUMBERCOURT.

L. Lum. Sir Pertinax, every thing is ready, the lawyers wait for us.

Sir Pert. We obey your lordship--where is Lady Rodolpha?

L. Lum. Giving some female consolation to poor Constantia. Why, my lady, ha! ha! ha! I hear your vestal, Constantia, has been flirting.

Sir Pert. Yas, yas, my lord, she is in vary gude order for ainy mon that wants a wife, and an heir till his estate into the bargain.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, there's a man below that wants to speak to your honour upon particular business.

Sir Pert. Sir, I canno speak till any body noow—he must come another time—haud --Stay—Is he a gentleman?

Foot. He looks something like one, sir—a sort of a gentleman---he seems to be a kind of a gentleman, but he seems to be in a kind of a passion, for when I ask-

ed his name, he answered hastily —'tis no matter friend —go tell your master, there's a gentleman here that must speak to him directly.

Sir Pert. Must! hah! vary peremptory indeed! pray thee let's see him for curiosity sake.

[*Exit Footman.*

Enter Lady RODOLPHA.

L. Rodol. O! my Lady Mac Sycophant, I am come an humble advocate for a weeping piece of female frailty; who begs she may be permitted till speak till your ladyship before ye finally reprobate her.

Sir Pert. I beg your pardon, Lady Rodolpha—but it must not be, see her she shall not.

L. Mac. Nay, there be no harm, my dear, in hearing what she has to say for herself.

Sir Pert. I tell ye it shall not be.

L. Mac. Well, well, my dear, I have done.

Enter FOOTMAN and MELVILLE.

Foot. Sir, that is my master.

Sir Pert. Weel, fir, what is your urgent buisenefs wi me?

Mel. To shun disgrace, and punish baseness.

Sir Pert. Punish baseness! what does the fellow mean? what are ye, fir?

Mel. A man, sir!--and one whose fortune once bore as proud a sway as any within this country's limits.

L. Lum. You seem to be a foldier, sir.

Mel. I was, sir, and have the foldier's certificate to prove my service, rags and scars--in my heart for ten long years, in India's parching clime, I bore my country's cause, and in the noblest dangers sustained it with my sword; at length ungrateful peace has laid me down, where welcome war first took me up--in poverty, and the dread of cruel creditors--paternal affection brought me to my native land, in quest of an only child--I found her, as I thought, amiable as parental fondness could desire--but lust and foul seduction, have snatched her from me--and hither am I come, fraught with a father's anger, and a foldier's honour, to seek the seducer, and glut revenge.

L. Mac. Pray, sir, who is your daughter?

Mel. I blush to own her--but--Constantia.

Egert. Is Constantia your daughter, sir?

Mel. She is--and was the only comfort that nature, or my own extravagancies had left me.

Sir Pert. Gude traith then, I fancy ye will find but vary little comfort frai her; for she is nai better than she shou'd be--she has had nai damage in this mansion--I am told she is wi bairn--but ye may gang till Hadley, till yeane farmer Hodge's, and there ye may learn the whole story, and wha the faither of her bairn is, frai a cheel they call Melville.

Mel. Melville!--

Sir Pert. Yees, fir, Melville.

Mel. O ! would to heaven she had no crime to answer, but her commerce with Melville. No, fir, he is not the man---it is your son, your Egerton, that has seduced her, and here, fir, is the evidence of his seduction. [*Shewing the jewels.*]

Egert. Of my seduction, fir !

Mel. Of yours, if your name be Egerton !

Egert. I am that man, fir, but pray what is your evidence ?

Mel. These bills, and these gorgeous jewels, not to be had in her menial state, but at the price of chastity---not an hour since she sent them, impudently sent them, by a servant of this house---Contagious infamy started from their touch !

Egert. Sir, perhaps you may be mistaken concerning the terms on which she received them---do you but clear her conduct with Melville, and I will instantly satisfy your fears concerning the jewels and her virtue.

Mel. Sir, you give me new life---you are my better angel---I believe---I believe in your words---your looks---know then, I am that Melville.

Sir Pert. Hoow, fir---ye that Melville ?---that was at farmer Hodge's ?

Mel. The same, fir. It was he brought my Constantia to my arms---lodged and secreted me---once my lowly tenant, now my only friend; the fear of inexorable creditors made me change my name from Harrington to Melville---till I cou'd see and consult some, who once called themselves my friends.

Egert. Sir, suspend your fears and anger but for a few minutes, I will keep my word with you religiously, and bring your Constantia to your arms, as virtuous, and as happy as you cou'd wish her.

[*Exit Lady Mac and Egerton.*]

Sir Pert. [*Aside.*] The clearing up this wanch's vartue is damn'd unlooky ! I am afraid it will ruin aw oor affairs again ; however, I hai yeen stroke still in my head, that will secure the bargain wi my lord, let maiters gang as they weell.---But, I wonder Maister Melville, that ye did nai pick up some leetle maiter of filler in the Indies---ah! there hai been bonny fortunes snapt up there of late years, by some of the meelectary blades.

Mel. It is very true, sir, but it is an obsevation among soldiars, that there are some men who never meet with any thing in the service but blows and ill-fortune---I was one of those, even to a proverb.

Sir Pert. Ah ! 'tis a pity, sir, a great pity noow, that ye did nai get a mogul, or some sic an animal intill your clutches.---Ah ! I should like till ha the strangling of a nabob---the rummaging of his gold dust, his jewel closet, and aw his magazines of bars and ingots---ha ! ha ! ha !---gude traith noo sic an a fellow would be a bonny cheel to bring over till this toown, and to exheebit him riding on an elephant---pon honour, a mon might raise a poll-tax by him, that woul gang near to pay the débts of the nation.

Enter EGERTON, CONSTANTIA, *Lady* MAC SYCOPHANT, *and* SIDNEY.

Egert. Sir, I promised to satisfy your fears concerning your daughter's virtue, and my best proof to you, and all the world, that I think her not only chaste, but the most deserving of her sex, is, that I have made her the partner of my heart, and tender guardian of my earthly happiness for life.

Sir Pert. How, married?

Egert. I know, sir, at present, we shall meet your anger, but time, reflection, and our dutiful conduct, we hope, will reconcile you to our happiness.

Sir Pert. Naver, naver---and cou'd I make ye, her, and aw your issue beggars, I wou'd move hell, heaven, and earth till do it!

L. Lum. Why, Sir Pertinax, this is a total revolution, and will intirely ruin all my affairs.

Sir Pert. My lord, wi the consent of your lordship, and Lady Rodolpha, I hai an expedient till offer, that will not ainly punish that rebellious villain, but answer every end that your lordship, and the lady proposed wi him.

L. Lum. I doubt it much, Sir Pertinax, I doubt it much. But what is it, fir? What is your expedient?

Sir Pert. My lord, I hai another son, (Sandy) a gude lad he is---and provided the lady and your lordship hai no objection till him, every article of that rebel's intended marriage shall be amply fulfill-

ed upon Lady Rodolpha's union with my younger son.

L. Lum. Why that is an expedient, Sir Pertinax, but what say you, Rodolpha?

L. Rodol. Nay, nay, my lord, afs I had nai reafon till have the leaft affection till my coufin Egerton, and afs my intended marriage wi him was intirely an act of obedience till my grandmaither, provided my coufin Sandy will be afs agreeable till her ladyship, afs my coufin Chairles here wou'd hai been---I hai nai the leaft objection till the change---ay, ay, upon honour, yean brother is afs gude till Rodolpha afs another.

Sir Pert. I'll answer, madam, for your grandmaither---noow, my lord, what say you?

L. Lum. Nay, Sir Pertinax, fo the agreement ftands, all is right again. Come, child, let us be gone, ay, ay, fo my affairs are made eafy, it is equal to me who fhe marries---Sir Pertinax, let them be but eafy, and rat me if I care if fhe incorporates with the Cham of Tartary! [Exit *L. Lumercourt.*

Sir Pert. As to ye, my Lady Mac Sycophant, I fuppofe ye concluded before ye gave yer confent till this match, that there would be an end to every thing betwixt ye and me. Live wee your Conftantia, madam, your fon, and that black fheep there; live wee them, ye fhall hai a jointure, but not a bawbee be-fides, living or dead fhall ye, or any of your iffue, ever fee of mine---and fo my vengeance light upon ye aw together! [Exit *Sir Pertinax.*

L. Rodol. Weel, coufin Egerton, in fpite of the ambeetious frenzy of yer faither, and the thoughtlefs

dissipation of mine, Don Cupid hais at last carried his point in favour of his devotees---but I must noow take my leave---Lady Mac Sycophant, your most obedient---Maister Sidney, yours---Permit me, Constantia, till hai the honour of congratulating mysel upon oor alliance.

Con. Madam, I shall study to deserve and to return this kindness.

L. Rodol. I am sure you weel ; but I neglect my poor Saundy aw this while---and gude traith, my ain heart begins to tell me what his heart feels, and chides me for tarrying so long ; I will therefore fly till him on the wings of love and good news, for I am sure the poor lad is pining wi the pip of desire, and anxious jeopardy --and so, gude folks, I will leave ye wee the sag end of an auld north country wish---May mutual love and gude humour be the guests of your hearts, the theme of your tongues, and the blythsome subject of aw your trifiesy dreams, thro' the rugged road of this deceitful world ;---and may oor faithers be an example to oorsels, to treat oor bairns better than they hai treated us.

[*Exit Lady Rodolpha.*]

Egert. You seem melancholy, fir.

Mel. These precarious turns of fortune, fir, will press upon the heart, for notwithstanding my Constantia's happiness, and mine in her's, I own, I cannot help feeling some regret, that my misfortunes should be the cause of any disagreement between a father and the man, to whom I am under the most endearing obligations.

Egert. You have no share in this disagreement---

for had not you been born, from my father's nature, some other cause of his resentment must have happen'd ; --but for a time, sir, at least, and I hope for life, afflictions, and angry vicissitudes have taken their leave of us all. If affluence can procure content and ease, they are within our reach--my fortune is ample, and shall be dedicated to the happiness of this domestic circle.

*My scheme, tho' mock'd by knave, coquet and fool,
To thinking minds must prove this golden rule ;
In all pursuits, but chiefly in a wife,
Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life.*

FINIS.

THE
TRUE-BORN IRISHMAN ;
OR,
IRISH FINE LADY.

A
COMEDY.

BY CHARLES MACKLIN, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, AND
SMOCK-ALLEY.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

" The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation. "

DUBLIN :

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCIII.

TRUE-BORN IRISHMAN;

IRISH FINE LADY.

COMEDY.

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REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS

By Francis J. the Illusionist.

The lines designated by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY BRADSHAW AND CAMPBELL,

FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 68, DAME STREET.

M DCC LXXXV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

MURROGH O'DOGHERTY.

COUNT MUSHROOM.

COUNSELLOR HAMILTON.

MAJOR GAMBLE.

PAT. FITZMUNGREL.

JAMES.

JOHN.

WILLIAM.

W O M E N.

MRS. DIGGERTY.

LADY KINNEGAD.

LADY BAB FRIGHTFUL.

MRS. GAZETTE.

MRS. JOLLY.

KATTY FARREL.

SCENE, Dublin.—A Room in Mr. O'Dogherty's House.

TIME—From Noon to Evening.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN

M. E. N.

Mrs. O'Donnell
Capt. Munnick
Capt. Hamilton
Major Gamble
Capt. O'Donnell
James
John
William

W. O. M. E. N.

Mrs. Duggan
Lady Kinnead
Lady MacLeish
Mrs. Garrett
Mrs. Kelly
Miss Barry

Scene, Dublin - A Room in Mr. O'Donnell's House.

Time - From Noon to Evening.

THE
TRUE-BORN IRISHMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter O'DOGHERTY and SERVANT.

O'Dogherty.

WHO'S there?

Serv. Sir.

O'Dogh. Is John come in yet?

Serv. No, sir.

O'Dogh. Be sure send him to me as soon as he comes in.

[*Exit Ser.*]

Enter JOHN.

John. I am here, sir.

O'Dogh. Well, John, how is my brother after his journey?

John. The counsellor gives his compliments to you, sir, and thanks you for your enquiry: He is very well, and will wait on you as soon as he is dressed.

O'Dogh. Mighty well---what is that you have in your hand, John?

John. It is nothing for you, sir---it is a card for my mistress, from Madam Mulroony; her man gave it me as I came in.

O'Dogh. Pray, let me see it---“Mrs. Mulroony makes her compliments to Mrs. Murrough O'Dogherty, and likewise to Mr. Murrough O'Dogherty, and hopes to have the favour of their company on Sunday the 17th instant, to play at cards, sup, and spend the evening, with Lady Kinnegad, Mrs. Cardmark, Miss Brag, Mr. Mushroom, Cornet Basilisk, Sir Anthony All-night, Major Gamble, and a very jolly party.”---Here, John, take it to your mistress---I have nothing to say to it. [*Exit John.*]---Well done Mrs. Mulroony---faith, and it well becomes your father's daughter, and your husband's wife, to play at cards upon a Sunday. She is another of the fine ladies of this country, who, like my wife, is sending her soul to the devil, and her husband to a gaol as fast as she can. The booby has scarce a thousand pounds a year in the world, yet he spends above two thousand in equipage, taste, high life, and jolly parties---besides what his fool of a wife loses to that female sharper, my Lady Kinnegad and her jolly party; which, if I may judge by my own wife, is at least a good two thousand more; so that by the rule

of subtraction, take four thousand pounds a year out of one, and in a very little time nothing will remain but a gaol, or an escape in the packet on Con-nought Monday.

Enter WILLIAM shewing in Counsellor HAMILTON.

Will. Counsellor Hamilton.

[Exit Will.]

O'Dogh. Counsellor, you are welcome to Dublin.

Counf. Brother, I am extremely glad to see you.

O'Dogh. By my faith, and so am I you. Od-zooks give us a kiss, man: I give you my honour I am as glad to see you in Dublin at this juncture, as I should to see a hundred head of fat bullocks upon my own land, all ready for Ballinasloe fair.

Counf. Sir, your humble servant. That is a great compliment from you, brother, I know.

O'Dogh. It is a very true one I assure you.

Counf. Well, I see by the newspapers that my sister is returned from her coronation frolic, and in health I suppose, or you would have wrote me word had it been otherwise.

O'Dogh. Yes, yes, she is in health indeed, and returned with a vengeance.

Counf. Pray what is the matter?

O'Dogh. Ogho! enough is the matter, the devil an inhabitant in Swift's Hospital for Lunatics, is in a worse pickle than she is.

Counf. You surprife me !----in what refpect, pray ?

O'Dogh. Why, with a diftemper that fhe has brought over with her from England, which will, in a little time, I am afraid, infect the whole nation.

Counf. Pray, what may that be ?

O'Dogh. Sir, it is called the Irifh Fine Lady's delirium, or the London vertigo ; if you were to hear her when the fit is upon her---oh, fhe is as mad---the devil a thing in this poor country but what gives her the spleen and the vapours---then fuch a phrenzy of admiration for every thing in England---and, among the reft of her madnefs, fhe has brought over a new language with her.

Counf. What do you mean by a new language ?

O'Dogh. Why a new kind of a London Englifh, that's no more like our Irifh Englifh, than a coxcomb's fine gilded chariot like a Glaffmanogue noddie. ---Why what name do you think fhe went by when fhe was in England ?

Counf. Why, what name dare fhe go by but Dogherty ?

O'Dogh. Dogherty !---ogho---upon my honour fhe ftartles when fhe hears the name of Dogherty, and blufhes, and is as much afhamed as if a man had fpoke bawdy to her.---No, no, my dear, fhe is no longer the plain, modeft, good-natured, domeftic, obedient Irifh Mrs. O'Dogherty, but the travelled, rampant, high-lif'd, prancing Englifh Mrs. Digerty.

Counf. Ha, ha, ha! Mrs. Diggerty! ridiculous!

O'Dogh. Ay, ridiculous indeed! to change her name--was there ever such impertinence? But do you know, brother, among the rest of your sister's whims and madneses, that she is turned a great politician too concerning my name.

Counf. Ha, ha, ha! a politician!--Why how in the name of wonder and common sense can politics and the name of Dogherty be connected?

O'Dogh. O it's a wonder indeed!--but strange as it is, they are connected--but very ridiculously as you may imagine.

Counf. But, prithee, by what means?

O'Dogh. Why, you must know, we are to have an election shortly for the county that I live in, which young Lord Turnabout wants to carry for one of his own gang; and as the election in a great measure depends upon my interest, the young fox, knowing the conceit and vanity of my wife, has taken her by her favourite foible, and tickled it up, by telling her that if I direct my interest properly, it would not be difficult to procure me a title. Now, sir, this piece of flattery has stirred up such a rage of quality and title in her giddy head, that I cannot rest night or day for her importunity--in short, she would have me desert my friends, and sell myself, my honour, and my country, as several others have done before me, merely for a title, only that she may take place of a parcel of foolish idle women, and sink the ancient name of Dogherty in the upstart title of Lady

Thingum, my Lady Fiddle Faddle, or some such ridiculous nonsense.

Counf. But, sir, pray pause a little upon this business—my sister's vanity, I grant you, may be ridiculous—but though you despise titles and ostentation, yet, as your interest can certainly make the member, were I in your circumstances, I would have a voice in the senate of my country—go into parliament for the county yourself.

O'Dogh. Ogh, I have been among them already, and I know them all very well. What signifies my sitting among hundreds of people with my single opinion all alone. When I was there before I was stigmatized as a singular blockhead, an impracticable fellow, only because I would not consent to sit like an image, and when the master of the puppets pulled the string of my jaw on one side, to say aye, and on t'other side, to say no, and to leap over a stick backwards and forwards, just as the faction of party and jobbers, and leaders, and political adventurers directed—ah, brother, brother, I have done with them all—oh, I have done with them all.

Counf. What, and after all your expence of opposing government right or wrong, and supporting your patriots, will you give them all up?

O'Dogh. Indeed I will—I was patriot mad I own, like a great many other fools in this distracted country—sir, I was so mad that I hated the very name of a courtier as much as an illiterate lay-swaddling methodist does that of a regular clergyman. But I am cured of that folly; for now I find that a courtier is

just as honest a man as a patriot—my dear, they are both made of the same stuff; ah, I have at last found out what sort of an animal a patriot is.

Counf. Ay!—and pray, brother, what sort of an animal is he?

O'Dogh. Why he is a sort of a political weather-cock, that is blown about by every wind of society, which the foolish people are always looking up at, and staring, and distracting themselves with the integrity of its vicissitudes—to-day it is blown by the rough, rattling, tempest of party; next day by the trade-wind of fly, subtle, veering faction; then by the headlong hurricane of the people's hot foggy breath; huzza boys, down with the courtier, up with the patriot, 'till at last the smooth, soft, gentle warm breeze of interest blows upon it, and from that moment it rusts to a point, and never stirs after—so there is your puff patriot for you—ogh, to the devil I pitch them all.

Counf. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad to find, brother, that you are come to that way of thinking at last, and I wish you had had the same notions years ago, it would have saved you many thousands.

O'Dogh. Indeed, and that it would—however, experience is an excellent tutor, and as you are a young man, and just coming into the world, mine may be of some service to you; take this judgment from me then, and remember that an honest quiet country gentleman who out of policy and humanity establishes manufactories, or that contrives employment for the idle and the industrious, or that makes

but a blade of corn grow where there was none before, is of more use to this poor country than all the courtiers, and patriots, and politicians, and prodigals that are unchanged ;—so there let us leave them, and return to my wife's business.

Counf. With all my heart, I long to have a particular account of her conduct.

O'Dogh. O, brother, I have many grievances to tell you of, but I have one that's more whimsical than all the rest.

Counf. Pray what is it?

O'Dogh. Why you must know, brother, I am going to be a cuckold as fast as I can.

Counf. Ha, ha, ha ! that's a comical grievance indeed.

O'Dogh. O stay till you hear the story, and I'll engage you will say it is as comical a cuckoldom as ever was contrived.

Counf. I am glad to find, sir, it is of so facetious a nature—pray let me hear this business?

O'Dogh. Sit down, then, brother, for I have got a little touch of my gout, let us sit down for a moment, and I will let you into the whole affair.

Counf. Pray do, sir, for you have really raised my curiosity. [*Sits.*]

O'Dogh. You must know, brother, there is an English coxcomb in this town just arrived among us, who thinks every woman that sees him is in love with him, and this spark, like another Paris of Troy, has taken it into his head to make a Helen of my wife, and a poor cuckoldy Menelaus of me.

Counf. Ha, ha, ha ! Pray who is the spark ?

O'Dogh. Why the name of this cuckold-maker is Mushroom, but from his conceit and impertinence, the women and jokers of this town have dignified him with the title of Count Mushroom. Sir, he is the son of a pawn-broker in London, who having a mind to make a gentleman of his son, sent him to the university of Oxford ; where, by mixing in the follies and vices of irregular youth, he got into a most sanguine friendship with young Lord Old-Castle, who you know has a large estate in this country, and of whose ancestors mine have held long and profitable leases, which are now near expiring—in short, sir, this same Count Mushroom and my lord became the Pylades and Orestes of the age, and so very fond was my lord of him, that out of sheer friendship to the count, he got his sister with child.

Counf. Ha, ha, ha ! that was friendly indeed.

O'Dogh. O yes, it was what you may call modern friendship, taste, and *bon ton* ; and my lord being a man of gratitude, in return made him his agent in this country, and sent him over to settle his affairs here. And the count and I being in treaty to renew the leases with my lord, and we not being able to agree upon the terms, the coxcomb sends my wife a warm billedoux, in which he very gallantly tells her that she shall decide the difference between us, and settle the leases at her own price, only upon the trifling condition that he may be permitted now and then to be the occasional lord of her ladyship's matrimonial manor.

Counf. Impudent rascal ! And, pray, what says my sister to all this ?

O'Dogh. Why she does not know a word of the matter.

Counf. No ! pray how came you to be acquainted with his letter then, and his designs upon my sister ?

O'Dogh. Why there is the joke : it was by the help of Katty Farrel, my wife's woman, by whose assistance I carry on a correspondence with the fellow in my wife's name, unknown to her ; and by that means I shall not only detect and expose the fellow, but get an excellent bargain of the leases, which are to be signed this very day.

Counf. But, sir, I hope you won't accept of leases upon those terms.

O'Dogh. O, I have no time to moralize with you on that point, but depend upon it I will convince you before I sleep of the propriety of my taking the leases : Lord, what signifies it ; it is only a good bargain got from a foolish lord by the ingenuity of a knavish agent, which is what happens every day in this country, and in every country indeed.

Enter JOHN.

John. Sir, Mr. Mushroom and Mr. Sharp the attorney are below.

O'Dogh. O, they are come about the leases. I will wait on them, John. [*Exit John.*—Now,

brother, you shall see one of the pertest and most conceited impudent coxcombs that has ever yet been imported into this land, or that disgraced humanity.

Mushroom [*without.*] My compliments, Mrs. Katty, to your lady, I will be with her in the twinkling of a star, or in less time than a single glance of her own immortal beauty can pass to the centre of an amorous heart.

O'Dogh. Orra now did you ever hear such cursed nonsense.

Enter MUSHROOM.

Mush. My dear Diggerty, I kiss your hands. I am come on purpose—I beg ten thousand pardons—I understood you were alone—you are busy I presume.

O'Dogh. Indeed, count, we are not. This gentleman is a relation—my wife's brother—Counsellor Hamilton, whom you have so often heard me talk of, and with whom I desire you will be acquainted.

Mush. Sir, I feel a superlative happiness in being known to you, I have long expected and long wished for it with a lover's appetite; therefore without waiting for the dull avocation of experience, or the pedantic forms of ceremony, I beg you will honour me with a niche in your esteem, and register me in the select catalogue of your most constant and most ardent friends and admirers.

Counf. O dear sir, you are superabundantly obliging—this is such a favour—

Musb. No, no, no—none, none—give me your hand, Hamilton, you are my friend Diggerty's friend, and that's enough—I'll serve you—say no more—I'll serve you—rely upon me—I live in this town quite *en famille*—I go about every where, am of no party but those of love, pleasure and gallantry—the women like and command me at cards, tea, scandal and dancing—the men, at wit, hazard, jolly parties, a late hour and a bottle—I love ease, hate ceremony, and am at home wherever I go—that's my system, Hamilton—ha, is not that taste, life, philosophy, and *summum bonum*—ha, my dear, at home wherever I go, an't I, Diggerty?

O'Dogh. O, indeed, to give you your due, count, you are never bashful in any place.

Musb. Never, never, my dear.

O'Dogh. No faith, nor none of your family I believe.

Musb. Ha, ha, ha ! never, never, my dear Diggerty—bashfulness is a mark of ignorance, an uncourtly, vulgar disease—what we men of the world are never infected with—but, my dear Diggerty, I am come on purpose to settle with you ; my attorney with the leases is below, for as I know my lord would be loth to lose you as a tenant, and as I am convinced it would be for his interest you should have the lands, why we will even sign and seal at once upon your own terms—for really I think tenants in Ireland want encouragement—they are rack'd too

high—they are indeed—it is a shame they should be rack'd so high.

O'Dogh. Faith, count, there's many a true word spoke in jest.

Musb. Upon my honour I am serious—you want encouragement in trade too.

O'Dogh. But do you really think so?

Musb. I do upon my honour, and I will speak to some people of consequence about it on the other side, as soon as I return.

O'Dogh. Orra but will you?

Musb. I will upon my honour

O'Dogh. O aye, you politicians promise us the devil and all while you are among us, but the moment you get o't'other side, you have devilish bad memories.

Counf. You seem to like Ireland, fir.

Musb. O immensely, fir—it is a damn'd fine country, fir—and excellent claret—excellent claret upon my honour! 'tis true, indeed, it is not such claret as we drink in London—however, upon the whole, it's a pretty, neat, light, soft, silky, palatable wine, and I like it mightily—but your fish in this here country is horrid. There you want taste, Hamilton—that there is an article of the *scavoir vivre*, in which you are totally ignorant—quite barbarous—

Counf. Aye! in what respect, fir?

Musb. Oh, my dear Hamilton, how can you ask such a question—you, you, now—who have been in London!—why you eat all your fish here too noo—

Counf. Too noo ?

Musb. Yes, all too noo—why you eat it the very day—nay, sometimes the very hour it comes out of the water—now that there is a total want of taste—quite barbarous.

O'Dogh. O yes, brother, we eat all our fish in this here country too noo—too noo a great deal. Now, I fancy, count, we should keep our fish before we dress it, as you keep your venison, till it has got the hot gout.

Musb. Ha, ha, ha !—the hot gout—ha, ha, ha !—Oh, I shall expire—my dear Diggerty, I honour your hot gout—but your French is a little *en Irlandois*—*en Provence*—*haut gout* is the word.

O'Dogh. Yes, yes—I understand you—Fogo.

Musb. Ha, ha, ha !—Hamilton, you are a little odd in this here country in some points—your friend there—is—you understand me—however upon the whole, take you altogether, you are a damn'd honest, tory rory, rantum scantum, dancing, singing, laughing, boozing, jolly, friendly, fighting, hospitable people, and I like you mightily.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Counf. Upon my word, sir, the people of Ireland are much obliged to you for your helter skelter, rantum scantum portrait of them.

O'Dogh. Indeed and that we are ; and so you like us mightily ?

Musb. I do upon honour, and I believe I shall marry one of your women here, grow domestic, and settle among you.

O'Dogh. Orra but will you do us that honour?

Musb. I really intend it.

O'Dogh. Faith then you will be a great honour to us, and you will find a great many relations here, count; for we have a large crop of the Mushrooms in this here country.

Musb. O, sir, I don't doubt it, for we are a numerous family both in England and Ireland—but I beg pardon, my dear Diggerty, I must rob you of my company for a moment to pay my devoirs to your lady; I know she is impatient to see me upon a particular affair—I will return upon the wings of diligence, then sign, squeeze wax, and dedicate to wit, mirth, and convivial jollity—Hamilton, yours, yours—my dear Diggerty, give me thy hand—from this moment set me down as thy unalterable friend—for I intend to be well with thy wife this very evening. [Exit.]

O'Dogh. Sure there never was so conceited and so impertinent a coxcomb as this puppy.

Enter KATTY FARREL.

Oh here is Katty Farrel. So, Katty, do you see who's here, child—your friend the counsellor.

Katty. Sir, your humble servant, I am glad to see you look so well. I hope all your good family are in health.

Counf. All very well, I thank you, Mrs. Katty.

O'Dogh. Well, well, now your ceremonies are

over, let us to business—is your fine mistress dressed yet?

Katty. Yes, sir—but she has had a sad misfortune.

O'Dogh. What is that, Katty?

Katty. The money, sir, that you gave her to pay the mercer's bill, from Covent-Garden, that was sent after her, she lost last night to my Lady Kinnegad, and some more of them, at bragg—but do not take any notice that I have told you of it, for she intends to borrow as much from Mr. Mushroom for a day or two as will pay the bill.

Counf. Why the woman has lost all sense of shame.
—[*Aside.*]

O'Dogh. Katty, that must not be. She must not do so mean a thing upon any account, as to borrow money of Mushroom. I will let you have the money to pay the bill, and do you say you borrowed it of your brother, or some friend or other, for her.

Katty. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

[*Mrs. Diggerty, Mushroom, &c. laugh very loud without.*]

O'Dogh. So, the toilet council is broke up at last—here she comes, as fantastically fine, as a fine lady in a play. Ogho, what a head she has.

Enter Mrs. DIGGERTY and MUSHROOM.

Mrs. Dig. Brother, I am veeetly glad to see you.

Counf. Welcome from England, sister.

Mrs. Dig. I am immensely obligated to you, brother.

Counf. I hope it answered your expectation, sister.

Mrs. Dig. Transcendantly.

Counf. I am glad it pleased you.

Mrs. Dig. Ravishingly.

Counf. Indeed!

Mrs. Dig. Beyond all degrees of compirison.

O'Dogh. O yes—beyond all degrees of compirison.

Mrs. Dig. Veeft! imminse! extatic! I never knew life before—every thing there is high, tip top, the grand monde, the bun tun—and quite teefty.

O'Dogh. O yes, every thing there is quite teefty, brother.

Mrs. Dig. Well, count, do you know that you pleased me veeftly last night; I never saw you in such high humour—brother, I believe you do not know Mr. Mushroom, an English gentleman; pray let me have the honour of introducing him to you.

Counf. I have had that honour already, sister.

Musb. Yes, madam, Hamilton and I are old acquaintance.

O'Dogh. O yes they are old acquaintance, they have known each other above these two minutes.

Counf. Pray how do you like London, sister?

Mrs. Dig. O the place of the world, brother.

Counf. Then Dublin I suppose—

Mrs. Dig. O, dear brother, don't neem them together.

O'Dogh. O no, you must not neem them together.

Mrs. Dig. Upon my honour, Dublin, after seeing London, looks like Irish-town or Ring's-end : Oh, every thing I set my eyes on here gives me the *ennui*, and the *courte cure*.

O'Dogh. O yes, every thing here gives her the *contre cœur* ; that is a disease she has brought over with her from London that we know nothing of here.

Mrs. Dig. The streets are so narrow, the houses so dirty, and the people so ridiculous ! then the women, count ! ha, ha, ha !—I can't help laughing when I think of them. Well, I am convinced that the women of this here country who have never travelled, have nothing of that—a—a—non chalance, and that jenny-fee-quee that we have in London.

O'Dogh. O no, brother ! the women have nothing of that jenny-fee-quee, that she has brought over with her from London.

Mrs. Dig. But, Mushroom—I don't know if what I am going to tell you be conceit or real ; but, upon my honour, when I first came from England—you must know, brother, I came over in the picket.

O'Dogh. O yes, brother, she came over in the picket.

Mrs. Dig. Yes, sir, I came over in the picket, and we had a great orage—I don't believe, Mr. Diggerty, you know what an orage is.

O'Dogh. Indeed you may take your oath I don't, my dear.

Mrs. Dig. That is, fir, becase you have not been in foreign parts—then I will tell you what an orage is—fir, an orage is a ftorum.

O'Dogh. Madam, I thank you for your intelligence—indeed you are very learned and very obliging.

Mrs. Dig. And so, as I was saying, count, we had a great ftorum, and the picket—I shall never forget it—the picket landed us about twenty miles from Dublin—and so, do you know, I say, Mushroom, that I fancied, being just come from England, that the very dogs here when they barked, had the brogue, ha, ha, ha !

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Musb. Why then, by all that's gothic, madam, I have thought so a thousand times.

Mrs. Dig. You have !

Musb. I have, upon honour.

Mrs. Dig. Have you ever observed it, brother ? Mr. Diggerty, what do you think ? Hav'n't the dogs of this here country the brogue ?

O'Dogh. Indeed and that they have, my dear, and the cows too, and the sheep, and the bullocks, and that as strong as ever your own mother had it, who was an O'Gallagher.

Mrs. Dig. Oh !

O'Dogh. Not two of whose ancestors could ever speak three words of English to be understood.

Mrs. Dig. You are a strange rude man, Mr. Diggerty, to tell me of my mother's family—you know I always despised my mother's family—I hate the

very name of Gallagher, and all the old Irish whatever.

Counf. The present company excepted, sister—your husband, you know—

Mrs. Dig. O, I never think of him.

Counf. Ha, that's polite indeed.

O'Dogh. O no, she never thinks of me.

Counf. Well, but sister, you have given us no account of the coronation, no doubt you were there.

Mrs. Dig. There! O moundew!—What a quifition! Why I was in every part of it—ax Mushroom else.

Musb. Every where, every where—she was every where, and with every body.

O'Dogh. Well, well—then I suppose it was very fine; but after all now, was it as fine as our riding the fringes here, or the lord lieutenant going to the parliament house.

Mrs. Dig. He, he, he! O shocking! don't neem them together—now that is so Irish—but, brother, what would have afforded you the highest entertainment, was the city feast. O that there was imminse.

O'Dogh. O yes, that there was imminse, brother, and much finer than this here.

Counf. Then you were at the city feast too, sister?

Mrs. Dig. O dear, yes! the court never stirred without me.

O'Dogh. No, indeed, the court never stirred without her.

Mrs. Dig. And the lord mayor made a point of having me there : so I went with her grace, a friend of mine, and a party of the court, as one of the household—but the minute I went in every eye was upon me : Lord, it was veeftly pleasant to fee how the she grocers, the she mercers, the she dyers, the she hofiers, and the she taylors did ftare at me—I was very brilliant that's certain—rather more fo than I was at the wedding.

O'Dogh. O indeed I don't doubt but you were a fight.

Mrs. Dig. O pray, Mr. Diggerty, be quiet, and don't interrupt me.—Well, but, brother, as I was faying, it was imminfely entertaining to hear the awkward city creatures whifper and give their vardee upon me, in their city manner—Lord, is this the handsome Irishwoman?—the famous Irish toast?—the celebrated Mrs. Diggerty—ha!—I don't think she is fo handsome, fays one—hum!—well enough, fays another, only I don't like her nofe—pray, doesn't she fquint? fays a third—O yes, she certainly fquints, fays a fourth—and she is a little crooked—but she is genteel—O yes, yes, the city creatures all allowed I was genteel.

O'Dogh. O yes, yes, to be fure they all allowed she was genteel.

Mrs. Dig. But, brother—O Lud! I had like to have forgot—do you know that the count is one of the prettieft poets in England, aye, or in Ireland either.

Mufh. O heavens! madam!

Mrs. Dig. He is, by my honour.

Counf. I do not doubt the gentleman's talents in the least, sister.

Musf. Sir, you are very polite, the lady is pleas'd to rally, that's all, for my muse is but a smatterer—a flattern—a mere slip-shod lady.

Mrs. Dig. Do not mind him, brother, what I say is true. He is a mighty pretty poet, and to convince you that he is, I will shew you some verses that he indited upon me, as I was dancing at court—[*Pulls them out.*—] Here they are, brother: Count, will you be so obliging as to read them to my brother?

Musf. Madam, as the sublime bard politely sings, the nod of beauty sways both gods and men, and I obey. Gentlemen, the title will at once let you into the whole of what you are to expect in this little production. *An extempore on the famous Mrs. O'Diggerty's dancing at court.*—Now attend—

*When beauteous Diggerty leads up the dance
In fair Britannia's court,
Then ev'ry heart is in a prance,
And longs for Cupid's sport.
Beaux ogle, and pant and gaze,
Belles envy and sneer, yet praise,
As Venus herself were there;
And prudes agree, it must be she,
It must be she—or Diggerty,
It must be she—or Diggerty,
Or Diggerty, the fair.*

[*Bows very low to Mrs. Diggerty.*
That's all, gentlemen, that's all—only a *jeu d'esprit*,

as I told you; a slight effort of a muse, bound in the silken chains of beauty and delight.

[*He bows, she curtsies.*]

Counf. Conceited coxcomb! [*Aside.*]

Musb. And now, madam, I have a favour to beg of you.

Mrs. Dig. O command it—what is it?

Musb. Why, madam, as the celebrated Doctor Thomas Augustus Arne has honoured this hasty offspring with an alliance of his harmonious muse, and as your ladyship has frequently heretofore enlivened it with your vocal glee, shall we beg that you will once more animate these verbal images with a touch of your Promethean pipe.

Mrs. Dig. O dear, count, you are veeftly panegy-rical.

Counf. Aye, aye, come, sister, as you have the tune oblige us with it.

Mrs. Dig. I will try, brother, what I can do—but, by my honour, I have a great big cold—hem, hem!—

Musb. The worfe your voice, madam, the more your tafte will shine.

Mrs. Dig. Nay, count, voice or no voice, I will make an effort—Sol-la-mi-fa-sol, &c.—Upon my honour I have no more voice than a kitling.

S O N G.

[*During the song Mushroom beats time conceitedly, but fo as not to interrupt her, or interfere with her acting it.*]

Musb. Bravo! bravissimo! carissimo! novellissimo! transcendissimo! and every superlativissimo in the sublime region of excellentissimo!

O'Dogh. Come, count, now if you please we will go down, and sign the leases, and dispatch the attornies.

Musb. With all my heart. [Exit O'Dogh.]

Mrs. Dig. You dine here, count.

Musb. Do I breathe! do I exist! I will but just step down, sign the leases, and return on the wings of inclination—*ma chere belle sans*, adieu. [Exit.]

Mrs. Dig. *Au revoir*—well, he is a most humorous creature, and mighty witty: don't you think so, brother?

Counf. Very witty, indeed, and I suppose understands a lady's toilet—

Mrs. Dig. The best of any man in the world, the most handy creature about a woman—and such teest—but, brother, you must sup with us to-night—I have a few friends—a private peerty this evening: Lady Kinnegad, Lady Pam, old Lady Bab Frightful, Mrs. Gazette, Mr. Mushroom, Pat Fitzmungrel, Major Gamble, Mrs. Cardmark, and half a score more—quite a private peerty—you must be with us, brother—we are to have a little gambling and dancing, and are to be mighty jolly—I shall expect you—yours, yours—I must go finish my toilet.

[Exit.]

Counf. What a strange turn this woman's mind has taken—she is far gone I see, and must be pinched to the quick—and shall this very night. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. O'DOGHERTY.

O'Dogherty.

WELL, but, my dear, why will you be in such a passion? Why will you not hearken to reason?

Mrs. Dig. Mr. Diggerty, I will hear no reason; there can be no reason against what I say—you are the strangest man—not be a lord—sir, I insist upon it—there's a necessity for a peerage.

O'Dogh. O! then only shew me the necessity, and all my objections will vanish.

Mrs. Dig. Why, sir, I am affronted for want of a title: a parcel of upstarts, with their crownets upon their coaches, their chairs, their spoons, their handkerchiefs—nay, on the very knockers of their doors—creatures that were below me but t'other day, are now truly my superiors, and have the precedency, and are set above me at table.

O'Dogh. Set above you at table?

Mrs. Dig. Yes, sir, set above me at table wherever I go.

O'Dogh. Upon my honour then that's a great shame.

Well, well, my dear—come, come, my dear, don't be in such a flutter.

Mrs. Dig. Flutter! why sir, I tell you I am ready to expire whenever I go into the great world.

O'Dogh. At what, my dear?

Mrs. Dig. At what—Egh! how can you ax such an ignorant quission? Can there be any thing more provoking to a woman of my teest and spirit, than to hear the titles of a parcel of upstart ugly creatures bawled in one's ears upon every occasion—my Lady Kinnegad's coach there—my Lady Kilgobbin's chair there—my Lady Castleknock's servants there—my Lady Tanderagee's chariot there. And after all these titles only consider how my vile neem founds. [*Cries.*] Mrs. Diggerty's servants there—Mrs. Diggerty's chair there—Mrs. Diggerty's coach there—it is so mean and beggarly I cannot bear it—the very thought of it makes me ready to burst my stays, and almost throws me into my hysterics. [*Throws herself into a couch.*]

O'Dogh. Nay, my dear, don't be working yourself up to your fits, your hysterics, and your tantrums now.

Mrs. Dig. My life is miserable. [*Rises.*] You cross me in every thing, you are always finding fault with my routs, and my drums, and my fancy ball—t'other night you would not make up a dress for it, nor appear at it—O fie, fie, fie—but you are true Irish to the very bone of you.

O'Dogh. Indeed I am, and to the marrow within the bone too; and what is more, I hope I shall never be otherwise.

Mrs. Dig. Ridiculous weakness! Pray, sir, do not you think the English love their country as well as the Irish do theirs?

O'Dogh. O indeed I believe they do, and a great deal better; though we have a great many among us that call themselves patriots and champions, who, at the same time, would not care if poor old Ireland was squeezed as you squeeze an orange—provided they had but their share of the juice.

Mrs. Dig. Pooh, pooh! nobody minds what you say—you are always abusing every body in power—well, sir, you see the English are improving in taste every day, and have their burlettas and their operas, their Cornelys, their Almacks, their macaronies—

O'Dogh. O my dear, I tell you again and again, that the English can never be precedent to us. They, by their genius and constitution, must always run mad about something or other, either about burlettas, pantomimes, a man in a bottle, a Cock-lane ghost, or something of equal importance. But, my dear, they can afford to run mad after such nonsense; why they owe more money than we are worth; stay 'till we are as rich as they are, and then we may be allowed to run mad after absurdities as well as they.

Mrs. Dig. Mighty well, sir, mighty well! Oh mighty well.

O'Dogh. Heyday, what's the matter now?

Mrs. Dig. But I see your design—you have a mind to break my heart—[Sobs and cries.]—yes, you argue and contradict me for no other end—you do every thing to fret and vex me.

O'Dogh. Pray explain, my dear? What is it you mean?

Mrs. Dig. Why, sir, ever since I returned to this odious country I have been requesting and begging, and praying, that you would send to London only for the set of long-tailed horses, that I told you I admired so—but no, I cannot prevail, though you know my Lady Kilgobbin, my Lady Balruddery, my Lady Castleknock, and, in short, every lady of figure all run upon long tails—nobody but doctors, apothecaries, lawyers, cits, and country squires drive with short tails now—for my part, you know I detest a short tail.

O'Dogh. Well, my dear, I have sent for your brother to town, on purpose to settle all these points between us, and if he thinks it proper that you should have long tails, you may have them as long as my Lady Kilgobbin's, my Lady Balruddery's tails, or any tails in the universe; and as to the title, if it can be had, why we will submit that to him likewise.

Mrs. Dig. I know it can be had—and so let me have no more trouble about it, for a title I will have—I must be a lady as well as other people—I can't bear being a plain Mrs. Diggerty any longer.—
[Cries.]

O'Dogh. Well, well, my dear, we will try what we can do—you must be a lady! yes, yes, you shall be a lady; but by the blood of the O'Dogherty's, it shall be a broken-back'd lady. A hump shall be your patent, my dear. [Aside.] [Exit.]

Mrs. Dig. An obstinate man ! not accept of a title—in short, there's no living without it. Who's there ?

Enter JOHN.

John. Madam !

Mrs. Dig. Nobody come yet ?

John. No, madam.

Mrs. Dig. What's o'clock ?

John. A quarter past seven, madam.

Mrs. Dig. Are the candles lit, and the cards ready ?

John. They have been ready this half hour, madam.

Mrs. Dig. Shew the company into this room.

John. Yes, madam.

[*A loud knocking, three servants without.*]

Will. Lady Kinnegad.

James. Lady Kinnegad.

John. Lady Kinnegad.

Enter JOHN, shewing in Lady KINNEGAD.

John. Lady Kinnegad, madam.

[*Exit.*

L. Kin. My dear Diggy—what, all alone—nobody come ?

Mrs. Dig. Not a mortal, I have been fretting this this hour at being alone, and had nothing to divert me but a quarrel with my husband.

L. Kin. The old fogrum! what, he won't open his purse strings, I suppose—but you should make him, for he is as rich as a Jew.

Mrs. Dig. Aye, but he is as close-fisted as an old judge—Lord, he has no notion of any thing in life, but reading musty books, draining bogs, planting trees, establishing manufactories, setting the common people to work, and saving money.

L. Kin. Ha, ha, ha! the monster!

[*A loud knocking.*]

Will. Major Gamble.

James. Major Gamble.

John. Major Gamble.

Enter JOHN and Major GAMBLE.

John. Major Gamble, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Dig. Major, how is your gout to-day?

Major. I don't know how the devil it is, not I—hobbling up your stairs has made me sweat—Lady Kinnegad, I kiss your hands; I ask your pardon, but I must sit down—I cannot stand—I got cold last night, and I feel it to-day—what, is there nobody come yet but us—nothing going forward.

[*Loud knocking.*]

Will. Lady Bab Frightful.

James. Lady Bab Frightful.

John. Lady Bab Frightful.

L. Kin. Here she comes, as Mushroom says, nature's contradiction—youth and age, frost and fire, winter and summer, an old body and a young mind.

Enter JOHN and Lady BAB FRIGHTFUL.

John. Lady Bab Frightful, Madam. *[Exit.*

Mrs. Dig. My dear Lady Bab!

L. Bab. My dear Diggy—Lady Kinnegad, I kiss your hands—O, major—why you had like to have ruined us all last night—the bank was just broke—well, I am a perfect rake—I think I was one of the last this morning. I danced till five.

L. Kin. As the old saying is, Lady Bab—you can never do it younger—Live while we live, that's the rule of happiness, you have good spirits, a good jointure, and nobody to controul you—you amiable creature.

L. Bab. Yes, I thank my stars, I never want spirits, tol, lol, lol, *[sings]*—I could dance till morning.

[Loud knocking.]

Will. Mrs. Jolly.

James. Mrs. Jolly.

John. Mrs. Jolly.

Enter JOHN and Mrs. JOLLY.

John. Mrs. Jolly, madam.

[Gives a card to Mrs. Dig. and exit.]

Mrs. Jolly. So, good folks.

Mrs. Dig. Madam, your most obedient.

Mrs. Jolly. What, all idle!—no loo—no brag—

no hazard—nor no dancing begun yet, and Lady Bab here—but where's Mushroom—I've such a story for him.—Where's the Count Diggerty?

Enter JOHN with a note and exit.

Mrs. Dig. O he will be here, never fear, madam—O this is a card from Gazette. [*reads*] *Dear Dig, I cannot be with you at seven; but before you have play'd two hands, expect me—three short visits at the Green, one in Merrion-street, two in the Mall, in Britain-street, three words at the Castle with his Excellency, and then I am yours for the night, and whilst I am—Gazette.*

L. Kin. Well said, Gazette!—she will spread more scandal in these short visits than truth can remove in a twelvemonth.

[*Loud knocking.*

Will. Mr. Fitzmungrel.

James. Mr. Fitzmungrel.

John. Mr. Fitzmungrel.

L. Kin. O, here's Fitzmungrel! drunk, I suppose, according to custom.

L. Bab. And brutal, according to nature; yes, yes, he's drunk I see. I will be gone, for I know he will be rude.

L. Kin. No, no, stay—let us all share in his abuse, pray.

Enter JOHN.

John. Mr. Fitzmungrel, madam.

[*Exit.*

Enter FITZMUNGREL, drunk and singing.

Fitz. My dear, Mrs. O'Dogherty—but I know you do not love to be called O'Dogherty, and therefore I will call you by your English name, Mrs. Diggerty—my dear Diggerty, I have not been in bed since I saw you.

Mrs. Dig. Why where have you been, Fitz?

Fitz. At the Curragh, my dear, with Pat. Wild-fire, Sir Anthony All-Night, Sir Toby Ruin, Dick Bashaw, and half a score more, and a fine chase we had—haux, haux, my honies—over, over, haux—but I was resolved to be with you, my little Diggerty, because I promised, so I smoaked it away to town—drove myself in my own Phaeton, and was over-turned just as I came to dirty Dublin.

Mrs. Dig. Why you are all dirty?

Fitz. Yes, I had a fine set down in the dirtiest spot of the whole road.

Mrs. Dig. I hope you are not hurt?

Fitz. Not I, my dear—haux—haux---whoop--no, no, my dear Diggerty, I am like a cat---I always light upon my legs---haux---haux---whoop---ha, my dear angelic cousin, Lady Bab Frightful---by heavens, you are a beautiful creature, and look like the picture of good luck---well, shall we have another bank to night?---here, take this note into your bank [*gives a note*] I will go take a nap in the next room in my old chair, and when you have made it five hundred, wake me, my little babby---do you hear---

L. Bab. I will, I will---that's a good man, go, and take a nap.

Fitz. My dear cousin, thou'rt the beauty of our family.

L. Bab. Well, well---go sleep---go sleep.

Fitz. The beauty of our family, Bab---another Venus---as handsome as Medusa, and you are besides a good-natured, old, young, middle-aged, giggling girl of three-score---so I'll go take my nap---haux---haux---tally ho---whoop--- [Exit.

Mrs. Dig. He is horrid drunk.

L. Kin. And what is worse, he is a greater brute sober than drunk.

[Loud knocking.

Will. Mrs. Gazette.

James. Mrs. Gazette.

John. Mrs. Gazette.

L. Kin. Here she comes, that knows every body's business but her own, ha, ha, ha!

Major. I will swear she is in as many houses every day as Faulkner's Journal.

Enter JOHN and Mrs. GAZETTE.

John. Mrs. Gazette, madam. [Exit.

Mrs. Gaz. My dear Diggerty, you got my billet---I came to you as soon as possible---but where's Mushroom---I do not see him.

Mrs. Dig. He will be here, madam.

Mrs. Gaz. My dear Jolly, why you look in high bloom to-night---Major, how's your gout---Lady Kin-

negad, your most devoted---Oh, but Diggerty, I have a piece of news---they say your husband's to have a peerage.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Dig. It is very true, madam, very true---we are to be entitled.

Mrs. Gaz. Why not? I am sure there are those, that have not half your fortune, who have got peerages. And pray, my dear, what is your title to be---you must consult me upon it.

Mrs. Dig. Why, I have thought of several, but know not which to pitch upon---I am distracted about it, I have thought of nothing else this week---I wish you would all advise me---it must be something new, elegant, and uncommon---and teesty---yes, I must have it teesty---see, here is the list of titles---if you will all step into the drawing-room, we will determine upon one, and then sit down to our peerties---come, *alons---sans ceremonie*---I'll shew you the way---come, major--- [*Exeunt all but the Major.*

Major. Aye, aye, pack along---I'll hobble after you---get the hazard ready---but I must sit by the fire---I am cursed lame---'sblood, I have trod upon some damn'd shell or pebble---O damn it---curse the shell---but Lady Bab's bank will be worth touching.

[*Exit.*

Enter O'DOGHERTY and Katty FARREL.

O'Dogh. They are all gone to their nightly devotions---well, and what did she say when you gave her the money?

Katty. O fir, she was overjoy'd, and so thankful
---but she will lose it all again to that Lady Kinne-
gad.

O'Dogh. Not to-night, Katty; her brother was in
the room before them to prevent her playing; he is
resolved to settle all affairs with her this very night.
But what makes this Mushroom stay so long? Sure
he will come.

Katty. O never fear, fir---you never saw a man so
eager, and so full of expectation.

O'Dogh. And so you have really dressed him up in
your lady's clothes?

Katty. I have, fir, indeed---and he is ten times fon-
der of himself (if possible) as a woman, I think, than
he was as a man.

O'Dogh. Ogh I will engage I will cure him of his
passion for himself, and for all Irish women, as long
as he lives.

Katty. Here comes my mistress, and her brother
with her, fir.

O'Dogh. Come, come, quick; let us get out of their
way, for he is resolved to startle the lady, and waken
her, if possible. Let us leave them to themselves,
for I reckon they will have a sharp brush.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. DIGGERTY and HAMILTON.

Coun. Madam, madam, you shall hear me.

Mrs. Dig. Was there ever so rude, so abrupt a be-
haviour---to force me from my company thus.

Coun. 'Tis what your insolent disease demands; the suddenness and abruptness of the shock is the chief ingredient in the remedy that must cure you.

Mrs. Dig. What do you mean, sir?

Coun. I will tell you, madam--you are not ignorant that your husband took you without a fortune; that he generously gave the little our father left you to your younger sister, with the benevolent addition of two thousand pounds--you know too, that by marriage articles, upon a separation or your husband's death, you are entitled only to a hundred pounds a year; which cautious pittance his prudence wisely insisted on, as a necessary check upon the conduct of giddy, female youth, and thoughtless vanity, when matched with the tempered age of sobriety and discretion--now, madam, I am commissioned to inform you, that the doors are open, and that the stipulated sum will be punctually paid you, as your vicious appetite shall demand; for know, that neither your husband's love, my affection, nor a residence in this house can be enjoyed by you another hour, but on the hard condition of a thorough reformation.

Mrs. Dig. Sir!

Coun. Madam, it is true; for if female vanity will be mad, husbands must be peremptory.

Mrs. Dig. Pray, sir, do not speak so loud.

Coun. Why not?

Mrs. Dig. The company will hear you.

Coun. I know it--and I intend they shall.

Mrs. Dig. Oh, oh, oh! I shall be ashamed for ever--pray do not speak so loud--bless me, brother, you startle me--what is it you mean?

Coun. Will you hear what I have to say ? Will you attend to the dictates of a brother's love, with modest patience, and virtuous candour ?

Mrs. Dig. I will.

Coun. Sit down--know then, in your husband's judgment, the sums you have squandered, and those you have been cheated of by your female friends, is your least offence--it is your pride, your midnight revels, insolence of taste, rage of precedency, that grieve him ; for they have made you the ridicule of every flirt and coxcomb, and the scorn and pity of every sober person that knows your folly ; this reflects disgrace upon your friends, contempt upon the spirit and credit of your husband, and has furnished whispering suspicion with stories and implications, which have secretly fixed an infectious stain upon your chastity. [*Both rise.*]

Mrs. Dig. My chastity ! I defy the world !

Coun. Aye, madam, you may defy it ; but she who does, will find the world too hard a match for her.

Mrs. Dig. I care not what slander says---I will rely upon my innocence.

Coun. But I will not, madam, nor shall you---it is not sufficient for my sister, your husband's wife, or female reputation, to rely on innocence alone---women must not only be innocent, they must appear so too.

Mrs. Dig. Brother, I don't know what you mean by all this. I beg you will explain.

Coun. I will--know then, this coxcomb Mushroom--

Mrs. Dig. Mushroom !

Coun. Mushroom !---as a man of wit and spirit, thought himself obliged to take some hints your levity had given him.

Mrs. Dig. I give him hints---brother, you wrong me.

Coun. Pray hear me---this spark, I say, like a true man of intrigue, not only returns your hints with a letter of gallantry, but bribes your own woman to deliver it.

Mrs. Dig. My woman !

Coun. The same.

Mrs. Dig. I am ignorant of all this, and will turn her out of the house this instant.

Coun. Softly ! hear the whole ! the maid, instead of carrying the letter to you, delivers that, and many others, to her master, who, in your name, hand, stile, and sentiment, has answered them all, and carried on an amorous correspondence with the gentleman, even up to an assignation ; and, now, at this very instant, the spark is preparing for the happy interview, and has made the town the confidants of his good fortune.

Mrs. Dig. O heavens !

Coun. Now judge what your husband, brother, and your friends must feel, and what the world must think of her, whose conduct could entitle a coxcomb to such liberties.

Mrs. Dig. Brother, I shall make no defence---the story shocks me ! and though I know my own intentions, yet what people may say---but, be assured, I

shall be more prudent for the future---perhaps I have been to blame---pray advise me---only say what I shall do to be revenged upon the fellow for his impudence, and what will convince my husband, you, and all the world of my innocence, and I will do it. I protest you have given such a motion to my heart, and such a trouble and a trembling, as it never felt before.

Coun. It is a virtuous motion---encourage it---for the anxiety and tears of repentance, though the rarest, are the brightest ornaments a modern fine lady can be deck'd in.

KATTY and O'DOGHERTY without.

O'Dogh. I shall be in here with the counsellor, Katty, and the moment he comes, bring me word.

Katty. I shall, sir.

Coun. Here your husband comes.

Mrs. Dig. I am ashamed to see him.

Enter O'DOGHERTY.

O'Dogh. Well, brother, have you spoke to her?

Coun. There she is, sir---and as she should be---bathed in the tears of humility and repentance.

O'Dogh. Ogh! I am sorry to see this indeed---I am afraid you have gone too far. If I had been by, I assure you, brother, you should not have made her cry---Yerrow, Nancy, child, turn about, and don't be crying there.

Mrs. Dig. Sir, I am asham'd to see your face--- my errors I acknowledge---and for the future---

O'Dogh. Pooh, pooh---I will have no submissions nor acknowledgments ; if you have settled every thing with your brother, that is sufficient.

Mrs. Dig. I hope he is satisfied---and it shall be the business of my life---

O'Dogh. Pooh, pooh ! say no more I tell you, but come, give me a kiss, and let us be friends at once--- there---so, in that kiss, now, let all tears and uneasiness subside with you, as all fears and resentment shall die with me.

Coun. Come, sister, give me your hand, for I must have my kiss of peace too. I own I have been a little severe with you, but your disease required sharp medicines.

O'Dogh. Now we are friends, Nancy, I have a favour or two to beg of you.

Mrs. Dig. Pray, command them.

O'Dogh. Why, then, the first thing that I ask, is, that you will send away that French rascal the cook, with his compots and combobs, his alamodes and aladobes, his crapandoes and frigandoes, and a thousand outlandish kickshaws, that I am sure were never designed for Christian food ; and let the good rough rumps of beef, the jolly furloins, the geese and turkeys, cram fowls, bacon and greens ; and the pies, puddings and pasties, that used to be perfectly showing one another off of the table, so that there was not room for the people's plates ; with a fine large cod too, as big as a young alderman---I say, let all those

French kickshaws be banished from my table, and these good old Irish dishes be put in their places; and then the poor every day will have something to eat.

Mrs. Dig. They shall, sir.

O'Dogh. And as to yourself, my dear Nancy, I hope I shall never have any more of your London English; none of your this here's, your that there's, your winegars, your weals, your vindors, your toastesses, and your stone postesses; but let me have our own good plain, old Irish English, which I insist upon is better than all the English English that ever coquets and coxcombs brought into the land.

Mrs. Dig. I will get rid of these as fast as possible.

O'Dogh. And pray, above all things, never call me Mr. Diggerty---my name is Murrough O'Dogherty, and I am not ashamed of it; but that damn'd name Diggerty always vexes me whenever I hear it.

Mrs. Dig. Then, upon my honour, Mr. O'Dogherty, it shall never vex you again.

O'Dogh. Ogh, that's right, Nancy---O'Dogherty for ever---O'Dogherty!--there's a sound for you---why they have not such a name in all England as O'Dogherty---nor as any of our fine sounding Milesian names---what are your Jones and your Stones, your Rice and your Price, your Heads and your Foots, and Hands, and your Wills, and Hills and Mills, and Sands, and a parcel of little pimping names that a man would not pick out of the street, compared to the O'Donovans, O'Callaghans, O'Sullivans, O'Brallaghans, O'Shaghnesses, O'Flahertys, O'Gallaghers,

and O'Doghertys,—Ogh, they have courage in the very found of them, for they come out of the mouth like a storm; and are as old and as stout as the oak at the bottom of the bog of Allen, which was there before the flood---and though they have been dispossessed by upstarts and foreigners, buddoughs and fassanoughs, yet I hope they will flourish in the Island of Saints, while grass grows or water runs.

Enter KATTY.

Katty. Mr. Mushroom is come, sir.

O'Dogh. What, in his woman's cloaths?

Katty. Yes, sir.

O'Dogh. Impudent rascal! and where have you put him, Katty?

Katty. In the back parlour, sir.

O'Dogh. Odzooks! Katty, go down, and shew him up here---this is the largest room to exercise the gentleman in---begone, quick, and leave all the rest to me.

Katty. I am gone, sir.

[*Exit.*

O'Dogh. My dear, you must act a part in this farce; the better to bring the rascal into ridicule.

Mrs. Dig. Any thing to be revenged of him for his ill opinion of me.

O'Dogh. Step into your own room, then, and I will come and instruct you how to behave. And

[*Exit Mrs. Dig.*

brother, do you go and open the affair to the com-

pany, and bring them here to listen to the Count's gallantry, and to be witnesses of his making me a cuckold.

Coun. I warrant you I will prepare them for the scene. But, brother, be sure you make the gentleman smart. [Exit.]

O'Dogh. Ogh, leave him to me---by the honour of the whole Irish nation I will make him remember the name of Diggerty, as sensibly as ever his school-master did hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus---an impudent rascal! make a cuckold of an Irishman---what, take our own trade out of our hands---and a branch of business we value ourselves so much upon too---why, sure that and the linen manufacture are the only free trade we have.—O, here the company come.

Enter all the Company.

L. Kin. Well, where is this count, this hero of intrigue?

O'Dogh. Below stairs.

L. Bab. And in woman's clothes, Mr. Dogherty?

O'Dogh. And in woman's clothes, Lady Bab, come to make a cuckold of me; and if you will all hide yourselves in the next room, you may see how the operation proceeds—hush—here he comes—get in, get in—and do not stir—here he is—begone.

[They all retire.—Exit O'Dogh.]

Enter KATTY, and MUSHROOM in women's clothes.

Katty. Step into this room for a moment, sir, and I will let my mistress know you are here---I protest I should not have known you.

Musb. Should not you? Ha, ha, ha! Why I think I do make a handsome woman, Mrs. Katty.

Katty. Handsome! why you are a perfect beauty! you are the very picture of a Connaught lady, that visits my mistress---well, I will go and see if the coast is clear, and let her know you are come.

Musb. Do, dear Mrs. Katty, and tell her my soul is all rapture, extacy, and transport, and rides upon the wings of love.

Katty. I will, I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Musb. A man must speak nonsense to these creatures, or they will not believe he loves them. I shall have more intrigues upon my hands in this country than I shall know what to do with; for I find the women all like me. As to Lady Kinnegad, I see she is determined to have me.

L. Kin. Indeed! Conceited puppy!

Musb. But she is gross, coarse, and stinks of sweets intolerably.

L. Kin. Rascal!

Musb. Gazette is well enough; I am sure I can have her. Yes, she's a blood, but she won't do above once and away.

Gazette. Saucy fellow!--but once indeed---I assure you!

Musb. Jolly has some thoughts of me too, I see--but she's an idiot, a fool--damned silly.

Mrs. Jolly. Mighty well, sir---very well---

Musb. But of all the spectacles that ever attempted to awaken gallantry, sure Nature never formed such another antidote as poor Lady Bab.

L. Bab. Oh the villain!--an antidote--an antidote--

Musb. She always puts me in mind of an old house newly painted and white-washed.

L. Bab. I will go tear his eyes out.

Musb. Then she is continually feeding that nose of hers, and smells stronger of rappee than Lady Kinnegad does of the Spice islands.

L. Kin. Oh, the rascal!

Musb. That Kinnegad is a damned tartar; she and Mrs. Cardmark have fleeced poor Diggerty horribly--when I get Diggerty to England, I will introduce her to my lord; for by that time I shall be tir'd of her. Oh, here the party comes.

Enter Mrs. DIGGERTY and KATTY.

My angel! my goddess!

Mrs. Dig. O dear Mr. Mushroom, how could you venture so? I am ready to die with apprehension, lest my husband should discover you.

Musb. Never fear, my charmer; love despises all dangers, when such beauty as your's is the prize.

Mrs. Dig. But I hope, Mr. Mushroom, your passion is sincere?

Musb. Madam, the winged architect of the Cyprian goddess has fabricated a pathetic structure in this breast, which the iron teeth of Time can never destroy.

Mrs. Dig. O dear Mr. Mushroom, you are veeftly kind.

Katty. Come, come, madam, do you lose no time, retire to your chamber, there you will be safe, here you may be interrupted.

Mrs. Dig. Do you step and send the servants out of the way.

Musb. Do, do, dear Mrs. Katty.

Katty. I will, I will.

[*Exit.*

Musb. Dear creature, do but lay your hand upon my heart, and feel what an alarm of love and gratitude it beats.

[*Katty and O'Dogherty without.*

O'Dogh. Well, but Katty, if she is so very ill, that is the very reason why I must see her.

Musb. Zounds ! your husband's voice !

Mrs. Dig. O heavens !

Enter KATTY.

Katty. My master, my master !

Mrs. Dig. What will become of me ?

Katty. Run you down the back stairs, madam, and leave him to me.

Mrs. Dig. Dear sir, farewell ; for heaven's sake, don't discover yourself.

Musb. No, no, madam, never fear me, not for the world.

Mrs. Dig. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Musb. What the devil shall I do, Mrs. Katty?

Katty. Sit you still, fir, at all events—I will put out the candles. [*Puts them out.*] He will take you for my mistress; pretend to be very ill; leave the rest to me. Sure you can mimic a fine lady that has the vapours or the cholic.

Musb. O nobody better!—nobody better—

Enter O'DOGHERTY with a Pistol.

O'Dogh. Heyday! what in the dark, my dear?

Katty. Yes, fir, my mistress is very ill, and cannot bear the light.

O'Dogh. What is her complaint?

Katty. The cholic, fir.

O'Dogh. The cholic, fir! and what good can darkness do the cholic, fir—get candles.

Musb. Oh, oh!—no candles—no lights, pray my dear, no lights.

Katty. No, no lights—my lady has the head-ache, as well as the cholic, and the lights make her much worse; therefore, pray let her sit in the dark, she will soon be well—are you any better, madam?

Musb. A great deal, but no lights, pray—oh, oh, —no lights! no lights!

O'Dogh. Well, my dear, you shall have no lights, you shall have no lights—leave us, Katty—I have

some business with your mistress. [*Exit Katty.*]

How are you, my dear? are you any better?

Musb. Oh, a great deal, my dear.

O'Dogh. I am mighty glad of it, my soul. But now, my dear, I have long wanted to have a little serious conversation with you upon a business that has given me the utmost uneasiness, nay indeed the utmost torture of mind; so without farther ceremony, and in one word, to come to the point—I am jealous, my dear.

Musb. How! Jealous!

O'Dogh. Indeed I am, as are half the husbands of this town, and all occasioned by one man, which is that coxcomb, Count Mushroom.

Musb. He is a very great coxcomb, I own, my dear.

O'Dogh. You may say that with a safe conscience—and a great jackanapes he is too into the bargain; though, I must own, the fellow has something genteel in him notwithstanding.

Musb. O yes, my dear, he is a very pretty fellow—that all the world allows.

O'Dogh. It is very true, but his prettiness will be his ruin; for as he makes it his business and his glory to win the affections of women, wherever he goes, and as he has made conquests of several married women in this town, there are half a dozen husbands of us that have agreed to poison him.

Musb. How! poison him! O horrid! why that will be murder, my dear.

H

O'Dogh. O that is none of our business--let him look to that--we must leave that to the law--the fellow is always following you to the play-house, balls, and routs, and is constantly smiling at you, and ogling, and sighing--but if ever I catch him at those tricks again, as sure as his name is Mushroom, I will put the lining of this little pistol into the very middle of his scull.

Mush. Oh, oh, oh!

O'Dogh. He told me this morning that he had a new intrigue upon his hands this afternoon--I wish I knew where it was; by all that's honourable, I would help the husband to put eight or ten inches of cold iron into the rascal's bowels.

Mush. Oh, oh, oh!

O'Dogh. What is the matter, my dear? What makes you start and cry out so? Give me your hand--why you are all in a tremor! Ogho, why you have got the shaking ague.

Mush. I am mighty ill--mighty ill--

O'Dogh. Why you are all in a cold sweat--you had best go up stairs and lie down.

Mush. No, no, no!--oh, no!--

O'Dogh. Why you shall have some immediate help--here, Katty--John--William--who's there?

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Did your honour call, sir?

O'Dogh. Fly this minute to the next street to Mr. Carnage the surgeon, and bid him hasten hither to

bleed my wife; then run as fast as you can to Doctor Fillgrave, and tell him my wife is very ill, and must be blistered directly. Begone---fly---

Will I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Musb. Soh! what the devil shall I do now. I shall certainly be discovered.

[*Aside.*

O'Dogh. How are you now, my dear?

Musb. O better, better, a great deal.

O'Dogh. Oh, but for fear of the worst, I will have you bled plentifully, my dear, and half a score good rousing blisters laid on by way of prevention; for it is a very sickly time, my life.

Musb. Aye, so it is, my soul. But, my dear, I begin to be a little better; pray send the maid hither.

O'Dogh. What do you want with the maid, my angel?

Musb. I want her upon a particular occasion, my love—oh, oh, oh—

O'Dogh. Very well, my dear, I'll send her to you. I think we have the count of the three blue balls in in a fine pickle; but I have not done with him yet. I have laid a ridiculous snare for him, if he will but fall into it, that will not only expose him to the world, but cure him for ever, I think, of trespassing upon matrimonial premises.

[*Exit.*

Musb. Was ever poor devil so sweated! I wish I were out of the kingdom! I shall certainly be poisoned among them! they are a damned barbarous people. I have often heard of the wild Irish, but never believed there were such till now. Poison a man, only for having an intrigue with a friend's wife.

Zounds, we never mind such things in England ; but they are unpolished beings here.

Enter KATTY, with two candles.

Musb. Oh ! Mrs. Katty, get me out of the house, or I am a dead man—he suspects I have a design upon his wife, and carries a loaded pistol to shoot me.

Katty. O heavens, fir—I don't know what to do with you—here comes my poor mistress, frightened out of her wits too.

Enter Mrs. DIGGERTY.

Musb. O, madam ! if you don't contrive to convey me out of the house some way or other, I shall be detected, poisoned, shot, or run through the vitals.

Mrs. Dig. I am so distracted, I cannot think—you must even discover yourself to him, and say you came hither in that disguise out of a frolic.

Musb. Zounds, a frolic ! Madam, he is as jealous as a Spanish miser, or an Italian doctor ; he has a pistol in his pocket loaden with a brace of balls—he would shoot me, run me through the body, or poison me directly, should he discover me—have you no closet, or cup-board ? Dear Mrs. Katty, cannot you contrive to get me out of the house in some shape or other ?

Katty Why yes, sir, I have a contrivance that I think might save you.

Musb. What is it? what is it? quick, quick, for heaven's sake; for he certainly has a pistol in his pocket—he shewed it to me.

Katty. Why, sir, I have a large portmanteau trunk, by the help of which, I think, you might be safely conveyed out of the house, if you would but submit to be shut up in it.

Musb. Submit! zounds! any thing, any thing, dear Mrs. Katty, to save my own life and a lady's honour. Why, child, it is an excellent contrivance, and, in my condition, perhaps the only one that could relieve me. For heaven's sake, let me see it—where is it?

Katty. It stands just without the door here in the passage. [*Brings it in.*] Here it is, sir, if it is but big enough—that's all the danger.

Musb. Zounds! let me try it—let me try it—quick—quick—put in my clothes—there—cram me in—buckle me up—stay, stay—leave this end a little open for air, or I shall be stifled—very well—excellent well—Mrs. Katty—there—cram me in—it will do—snug—snug—damned snug—

Mrs. Dig. Now call the men to carry it up to your room.

Katty. Here, John, William---

Servants [*Without.*] Madam.

Katty. Come here quickly.

Enter JOHN and WILLIAM.

Katty. Here take this portmanteau on your shoulders, and carry it up to my room---make haste.

[The servants turn it up endways, with Mushroom's head to the ground, then raise it on their shoulders.]

Enter O'DOHERTY.

O'Dogh. Where are you going with that portmantle?

John. Up to Mrs. Katty's room.

O'Dogh. Set it down here---what have you got in this portmantle, Katty?

Katty. It is, fir---it is---

O'Dogh. What, what is it?

Katty. Why it is---it is---

O'Dogh. Speak this minute, or I will put my sword up to the hilts in it.

Mush. Ah! Hold, hold---my dear Diggerty, hold---'tis I---'tis I---

O'Dogh. I---who the devil is I?

Mush. Mushroom---your friend Mushroom.

O'Dogh. What! Count Mushroom!

Mush. The same---the very same---

O'Dogh. Hold the candle---aye, it is my friend the count indeed.

Musb. Zounds, my dear Diggerty---you have dropped the hot wax on my face--do pray let me out.

O'Dogh. And so this was the new intrigue you told me of this afternoon.

Musb. Ah, my dear Diggerty, I was but in jest, upon my honour.

O'Dogh. Aye, now you are right, count---the intrigue was but in jest on my wife's side, indeed---here, ladies, come hither, and see this hero of intrigue and taste that they all admire so much.

Musb. Ah, dear Diggerty, don't expose me.

Enter the Company.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

O'Dogh. Here, John--set him upon his legs on the ground--so---there---Lady Kinnegad, pray let me introduce you to the knight of the leathern portmantle.

L. Kin. Count, your most obedient---I would salute you, but I am coarse and stink of sweets.

Musb. Ah, my dear lady, that was only the wanton vanity of a coxcomb upon the verge of paradise as he thought.

Mrs. Jolly. Your humble servant, count---I would strive to extricate you, but, you know, I am an idiot, a fool--ha, ha, ha !

Musb. O dear Mrs. Jolly---

L. Bab. Yes, and I am like an old house newly

painted and white-washed, and I stink of rappee. I think a little rappee would not be amiss to clear your eyes, and refresh your spirits, and there is some for you. [*Throws snuff in his face*]

Musb. O dear Lady Bab, this is [*Sneezes.*] cruel--- [*Sneezes.*] indelicate--- [*Sneezes.*] and intolerable--- [*Sneezes.*] but I beg you will let me out of this confinement.

O'Dogh. Indeed I will not, for I intend that other people shall enjoy your situation as well as I---this is Lady High-Life's night---all the world is there---so here, John, take this portmantle on your shoulders to Lady High-Life's, with my compliments, and never stop till you take it up stairs to the ball-room, and there set it down---they will be extremely glad to see their old friend, the count of the three blue balls.

Musb. Mr. Diggerty---madam---ladies---

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! away with him---away with him.

Musb. Mr. Diggerty, you shall answer for this.

Omnes. Away with him---away with him. Ha, ha, ha! [*He is carried off.*]

O'Dogh. Now, gentlemen and ladies, you may go plunder one another at cards and dice as fast as you can---and, like the count, make yourselves objects for a farce.---If every fine lady and coxcomb in this town were turned into a farce, faith we should be the merriest people in all Europe---but ours is over for to-night, and pretty well upon the whole.

*Indeed, I think 'tis very fairly ended :
The coxcomb's punish'd ;
The fine Irish lady's mended.*

FINIS.

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LOVE A-LA-MODE.

A
COMEDY.

BY CHARLES MACKLIN, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, AND
SMOCK-ALLEY.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

DUBLIN :

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCIH.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY GRAYSON, AND CAMERON,

OR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 66, DAME-STREET.

M DCC LXXX.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir THEODORE GOODCHILD.

Sir ARCHY MACSARCASM, *a Scotsman.*

Sir CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN, *an Irishman.*

MORDECAI, *an English Jew.*

Squire GROOM, *a Newmarket Jockey.*

W O M A N.

CHARLOTTE, *niece to Sir Theodore Goodchild.*

A LAWYER and SERVANT.

SCENE, Sir Theodore Goodchild's House in London.

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir THEODORE GOODCHILD and CHARLOTTE.

Sir Theodore.

WHAT will the world say of me, but that I was a very prudent man ?

Char. The world ! The world will applaud you, especially when they know what sort of lovers they are, and that the sole motive of their affection is the lady's fortune. No poor girl sure was ever plagued with such a brood as I am—The first upon my list is a high-minded North British knight, who sets up for a wit, a man of learning, and sentiment: He bears himself fair while you are present, but abuses the whole world when their backs are turned ; and withal, has so high a notion of the dignity of his family, that he would, no doubt, think he laid me under a great obligation, in honouring me with his hand.—The second is a downright idiot, a fluttering,

frivolous thing, well known in most public places by the name of Beau Mordecai, an English Jew.—The next in Cupid's train is your nephew, whose Irish voice and military aspect make me fancy that he was not only born in a siege, but that Bellona alone could be his nurse, Mars his preceptor, and the camp the academy, where he received the first rudiments of his education.

Sir Theo. My dear Charlotte! you should not be so severe upon my nephew, what can you expect from a mere rough-hewn foldier, who must needs go from his friends a volunteer, and has lived these several years within the circuit of a camp; so that I don't believe he has six ideas distinct from his profession.

Char. Let me see; his name is——

Sir Theo. Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

Char. Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan! It is enough to choak me——If I have him, I must have an Irish interpreter to make me understand what he says.

Sir Theo. Well, I must go and see about your suit; the coach waits——They all dine here, I think?

Char. All but Squire Groom, and he is to ride a match, which I suppose no charms could persuade him to be absent from.

Sir Theo. Well, make yourself what sport you please with them——I shall certainly be back to dinner——Good morning to you, my dear.

[*Exit Sir Theo.*]

Mordecai. [*Without.*] Sir Theodore, your servant——Is Miss Charlotte this way?

Sir Theo. She is, sir—Good morning to you.

Mord. You'll dine with us, Sir Theodore?

Sir Theo. Certainly.

Enter MORDECAI, singing.

Mord. Thus let me pay my softest adoration, and thus, and thus, and thus, [*Kissing her hand.*] in amorous transports breathe my last.

Char. Not so fast, Mr. Mordecai; you are very gallant, sir, and I protest, I never saw you better drest.

Mord. It is well enough, madam, just as my taylor fancies: Do you like it?

Char. Oh! it is quite elegant; but, if I mistake not, you are so remarkable for a taste in dress, that you are known all over the city, by the name of the Change-alley Beau.

Mord. They do distinguish me by that title, but I declare I have not the vanity to think I deserve it.

Char. Oh, Mr. Mordecai, well remembered! I heard of your amour at the opera with Miss Sprightly.

Mord. Dear madam, how can you be so severe? That the lady has designs, I stedfastly believe; but as for me——But pray, madam, who told you so?

Char. Sir Archy Macfarcaim.

Mord. Oh, what a creature you have named! the very abstract of filth and nastiness! He takes such a quantity of Scots snuff, that he smells worse than a tallow-chandler's shop in the Dog-days—There is

not one word of truth in five that he says, and he utters his similies with all the gravity imaginable, after the moderate allowance of four bottles of port, three ounces of Scots snuff, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

Char. What a character has he drawn of the knight!

Mord. Why, madam, I vow to Gad, he is the daily sport of every coffee house in town; all his own countrymen of any character constantly avoid him, and—Oh, the devil! here he comes.

Sir Archy. [*Without.*] Sawney, bid Donald bring the chariot at aught o'clock exactly.

Enter Sir ARCHY MACSARCASM.

Mord. My dear knight, I am sincerely glad to see you, and have the honour, at all times, and upon all occasions, to be your most obedient humble servant.

Sir Archy. What, my child of circumcision, how do you do, my bonny Girkashite? Gi'e us a wag o' your luf, lad. Why, ye're as diligent in the service o' your mistress as in the service o' your looking-glass; for your een or your thoughts are ay turn't upo' the ane or the ither.

Mord. And your wit, I find, Sir Archy, like a courtier's tongue, will always retain its usual politeness.

Char. Civil and witty on both sides!—Sir Archy, your servant.

Sir Archy. Ten thousand pardons, madam—I did not observe you ; I hope I see your ladyship weel.— Ah ! madam, you luik like a deeveenity. I see friend Mordecai is determined to bear awa' the prize frae us a' ; he's trickt out in a' the colours o' the rainbow.

Char. Mr. Mordecai is always well drefs'd, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. Upon my word he's as fine as a jay.— Step along, man, turn round, and let us see your fine shape. Ah, he stands vera well, vera well indeed ! What's this in his hat ? A feather ! vera elegant, vera elegant I protest. I never saw a tooth-drawer better drest a' my life.

Mord. Upon my word I am your most humble servant, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. Weel, Mordecai, ye ha' been whispering your love-sick tale in the lady's lug, do ye ken that she is inclinable to your passion ?

Mord. From the conversation I have had with her, I begin to think that my figure and address have made an impresson upon her.

Sir Archy. Vera weel, that's right, that's right—I mun ken that your ladyship has been entertain'd vera weel by my friend Mordecai, before I broke in upon you ; he's a gude ane at a tale, when the stocks is at ane end and the lottery at the ither, ha, ha, ha ! but ye maun ken that I ha' news for you that canna fail to gi' muckle sport.

Char. What is it pray, Sir Archy ?

Sir Archy. Why, ye maun ken that in my way to

your ladyship's mansion, I pickt up my bonny Hibernian—as fine—upon my honour, as fine as little Mordecai here.

Char. But you have not left him behind you? I expected him here ere this.

Sir Archy. Left him! ye maun ken that I ha' brought him wi' me: for I'm like the monarchs of auld, I never travel without my fuil; he is as good as a comedy or farce—But he has made a jargon, which he stiles a sonnet, upon his bewitching Charlotte, as he calls you, madam; he's now altering it, and ye maun expect sic an epistle, as has na been penn'd sin' the days of Don Quixote. You have heard him sing it, Mordecai?

Mord. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I have heard him roar it. Egad! we have had him just now, madam, at a tavern, and made him give it us in an Irish howl, that might be heard from here to West Chester.

Sir Archy. Why, Mordecai, you have a deevilish deal of wit, man; aye, that's what ye hae.

Mord. Your most obedient, Sir Archy, I am afraid you flatter me; but I must be going.—Madam, I kiss your hand.

Char. You are not going to leave us, Mr. Mordecai?

Mord. Only to have a slice of Sir Callaghan before dinner by way of a whet, that's all, madam, only by way of a whet.

Sir Archy. Not a word of the sonnet, man?

Mord. Never fear, Sir Archy, never fear.

[Exit Mord.]

Sir Archy. What a fantastical baboon this little Israelite makes of himself!

Char. He is very entertaining, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. The fallow's vera ridiculous, and therefore vera usefu' in society, for wharever he gangs there maun be laughter: But now, madam, a word or twa to our ain matters.—Madam, I love you, and gin I didna, I wad scorn to say it:—concerning these creatures who call themselves your lovers, there are three of them about your ladyship's person, as unfit for you as a wandering Arab; and whase sentiments are as wide o' true felicity as the north and south poles: reptiles and beggars, wha can boast of naething, but a knowledge of sic things as wad mak 'um be kend by a' judicious fok, e'en as the outcasts o' the world. And first this Mordecai, to be sure the fellow's wealthy; yes he's wealthy—but then a reptile, madam, he's a reptile! whase common-place notions are o' nae farther extent than Change-alley, or the coffee-houses, and whase only ideas are *cent. per cent.* schemes, stocks, annuities, and South Sea bubbles.

Char. Ay, Sir Archy! you are above such groveling thoughts.—Your ambition is to adorn your mind.

Sir Archy. Then madam, as to Squire Groom: to be sure he's a great sportsman, but he's a beggar—a beggar! and nae doubt but your fortune would be very acceptable: 'twould enable him to redeem his stead o' horses, put him on his legs again, and according till his ain phrase, he would be bottom, madam, he would be bottom; but in a few years, madam, your whole fortune, the wise scraping of your

ancestors, would be wantonly squandered away upon cock-fighting, horse-racing, grooms, jockeys, and sic-like spendthrift amusements; and your ladyship not ha' a blanket left to cover you. Then, as to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the fellow's well enough to laugh at; but ye maun luik about you there, for your guardian is his uncle, and to my certain knowledge, there is a design upon your fortune in that quarter: depend upon it, there is a design upon your fortune.

Char. I believe indeed, a lady's fortune is the principal object of every lover.

Sir Archy. I grant ye, madam, wi' Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, Squire Groom, and sic-like fallows; but men of honour have ither principles: I assure you, madam, 'tis not for the pecuniary, but for the divine graces o' your mind, and the mental perfections of your faul and body, which are more to me than all the riches of Peru and Mexico.

Char. O Sir Archy!

Sir Archy. Besides, madam, gin ye marry me, ye will marry a man of sobriety and economy. It is true, I am not in the hey-day of my blood, yet far from the vale of years, as the poet says. I am not like the young whipsters of this age, who are a' spirits at the first onset, but gang aff like a squib, or a cracker on a rejoicing night, and are never heard o' mair. The young men now-a-days, madam, are mere baubles, absolute baubles.

Char. Now, I think old men, Sir Archy, are but baubles.

Sir Archy. Besides, madam, consider the dignity

and antiquity of our family: madam, in our family there are three viscounts, four barons, six earls, seven marquisses, and twa dukes: The families of the south are no to be compared to families o' the north.—There is as muckle difference as between a hound of blood and a mongrel.

Char. And why so, sir?

Sir Archy. I'll tell you, madam—the nobeelity of Scotland are a' descended frae renowned warriors, and heroes of glorious atchievements, wha disdain'd to mak alliances, or contaminate their bluid wi ony that war na as great as their ain.—But here in the south, ye o' the south, ye are a' sprung frae naething in the warld but wool packs, hop sacks, sugar kists, tar barrels, and rum puncheons.

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Archy. What gars you laugh, madam?

Char. The opinion you have of our nobility.

Sir Archy. Guide troth, madam, its true: a' we families of the north are of anither kidney quite: we disdain a mixture o' bluid that is na as pure as our ain; whereas ye are a strange amphibious breed, being a composition of Turks, Jews, Nabobs, and Refugees.

Char. We are indeed a strange mixture, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. Vera true, vera true;—my family is a family of rank and consequence; which, if ye marry into, will purify your bluid and refine it frae the lees and draps of trade, with which it is contaminated, which your money cannot do for you, war it as muckle as the bank of Edinbro'.

Enter MORDECAI.

Mord. Sir Archy, he is just without, he is coming.

Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan. [*Without.*] Is the lady this way do you say, young man?

Servant. She is, sir.

Sir Cal. Then I'll trouble you with no farther ceremony—

Enter Sir CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN.

Madam, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Char. I am very sorry to hear we shall soon be depriv'd of your company, Sir Callaghan. I thought the war in Germany had been all over.

Sir Cal. Yes, madam, it was all over, but it began again—A soldier never lies in quiet, till he has nothing to do, then he quits the field with more safety.

Sir Archy. The lady was just saying, she would be glad if you would favour her with a slight narrative of what happen'd in Germany.

Sir Cal. Pray, madam, don't ax me;—I am afraid it would look like gasconading in me; and I will assure you there is no such thing in nature, as giving a description of a fiery battle; for there is so much done every where, that no body knows what is done any where. Then, there is such drumming and

trumpeting, and such delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it, than you can of the stars in the sky.

Sir Archy. It's a very guid account he gi'es o't. [*Afide to Mord.*] Let us smoke him, and see if we can get a little fun with him.—Try if he will give you some account of the battle.

Mord. Pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in any one battle you have been at?

Sir Cal. [*Starting.*] I'll tell you—I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would chuse to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat. Are you answer'd, Mr. Mordecai?

Sir Archy. You was devilish sharp upon him, faith.

Mord. Wasn't I?

Sir Archy. Yes—but have another cut at him.—The Israelite will bring himsel intil a damn'd scrape here. [*Afide.*]

Mord. Sir Callaghan, give me leave to tell you, if I was a general—

Sir Cal. A general! Upon my soul, and you would make a fine general—Oh! madam, look upon the general. Mr. Mordecai, do not look upon being a general as so light a matter. It is a very difficult trade to learn to be able to rejoice, with danger on the one side and death on the other, and a great many more things, that you know no more of, than I do of being high priest to a synagogue; so hold your tongue, my dear Mr. Mordecai, about that, and go mind your *cent. per cent.* and your lottery tickets in Change-alley.

Sir Archy. Ha, ha! by the Lord, he has tickl'd up the Israelite; he has given it to the Moabite on baith sides o' the head. [*Afide.*]

Char. But you have been frequently in danger, sir?

Sir Cal. Danger, madam, is the soldier's profession; and death his best reward.

Mord. A bull, a bull——Pray how do you make that out? You say death is the soldier's best reward.

Sir Cal. I'll tell you how—A general dead in the field of battle is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive as Cæsar or Alexander, or any dead hero of them all: and when the history of America comes to be written, there is your brave young General Wolfe, that died in the battle before Quebec, will be alive to the end of the world.

Char. True, Sir Callaghan, the actions of that day will be remembered while Britain or British gratitude have a name.

Sir Archy. Wha was it did the business at Quebec? Oh! the Highlanders bore the bell that day. Had you but seen them with their Andrewferraras, how they cut them, and slash'd them about: they did the business, and gain'd immortal fame upon the spot.

Sir Cal. Sir Archy, give me your hand: I assure you, your countrymen are brave soldiers; and so are mine too.

Char. I think I hear Sir Theodore's coach stop.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Sir Theodore waits for you, and dinner is almost ready.

Mord. Madam, will you honour me with the tip of your wedding finger?—Adieu, Sir Callaghan, Sir Archy, your servant.—Adieu, Sir Callaghan.

[*Exeunt Char. and Mord.*]

Sir Cal. A very impudent fellow this Mr. Mordecai! if it had not been for the lady, I would have been a little upon the caveat with him.

Sir Archy. Because the rascal has been let into our company at Bath, he intrudes upon you wherever you go.—But have you written the letter to the lady?

Sir Cal. Faith I have not! for I thought it would not be right to make my addresses to the lady, till I had made my affections known to her guardian; so I have indited the letter to him.

Sir Archy. That's right, that's right; for so as ye do but right, it matters not to whom.—But where is it?

Sir Cal. Here it is.

Sir Archy. I warrant it's a bonny epistle.

Sir Cal. [*Reads.*] *Sir, as I have the honour to bear the character of a soldier, and to call Sir Theodore Goodchild uncle, I do not think it would be consistent for a man of honour to behave like a scoundrel.*—

Sir Archy. That's an excellent remark, an excellent remark, and vera new!

Sir Cal. [*Reads.*] *Therefore I thought proper before I proceeded any further, (for I have done nothing as yet) to open my mind to you before I gain the affections of the lady.* You see, Sir Archy, I was for carrying on my approaches like a soldier *a la militaire*, as we say

abroad. [*Reads.*] *You are sensible that my family is as old as any in the three kingdoms, and older too; I shall therefore come to the point at once.* You see I have given him a little rub by way of a hint about our family, because Sir Theodore is a bit of a relation by the mother's side only, which is a little upstart family that came in with one Strongbow t'other day, not above six or seven hundred years ago: Now my father's family are all related to the O'Strickeffes, the O'Cannakans, the O'Callaghans, and I myself am an O'Brallaghan, which is the oldest of them all.

Sir Archy. Yes, sir, I believe ye're of a vera ancient family, but ye're out in ane point.

Sir Cal. What's that, Sir Archy?

Sir Archy. Why sir, where ye said, ye was as auld as ony family in the three kingdoms.

Sir Cal. Why then I said no more than is true, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. Hoot awa, man, ye dinna consider the families o' the north——Ye of Hibernia are as low as the bushy bramble, and tuik refuge frae a' corners in that wild spat whar ye live, penn'd up like a set o' outcasts, and as such you remain until this hour.

Sir Cal. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy—that's the Scots account, which never speaks truth, because it is partial—but the Irish account, which must be true, because it is written by one of my own family, says, the Scots are all Irishmen's bastards.

Sir Archy. Bastards—what do ye make us illegitimate—illegitimate, sir?

Sir Cal. Why, little Terence Flaherty O'Brallagh^a

an was the man who went over from Carrickfergus, and peopled all Scotland with his own hands.

Sir Archy. Sir Callaghan, though your ignorance and vanity would mak ravishers of your ancestors, and harlots and sabines of our mothers, yet ye shall find in me——

Sir Cal. Hark ye, Sir Archy, what was that you said just now about ignorance and vanity?

Sir Archy. Sir, I denounce you baith ignorant and vain, and mak your maist o't.

Sir Cal. Faith! I can make nothing at all of it, because they are not words that a gentleman is used to; therefore you must unsay them again.

Sir Archy. How, sir, eat my words, a North Briton eat his words.

Sir Cal. By my soul you must, and that immediately.

Sir Archy. You shall eat a piece of my weapon first, sir. [*Draws.*]

Sir Cal. Put up, for shame, Sir Archy: consider drawing a sword is a very serious piece of business, and should be done in private.

Sir Archy. Defend yourself—For, by the sacred cross of St. Andrew, I'll have satisfaction for making us illegitimate.

Sir Cal. Now, by the cross of St. Patrick, you are a very foolish man; but, if you have a mind for a little of that game, come away to the right spot.

Sir Archy. No equivocation, sir, dinna think you have gotten beau Mordecai to cope with.

Sir Cal. Come on then for the honour of the sword

—Oh! you are as welcome as the flowers in May.
[*They fight.*]

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. For heaven's sake, what's the matter? what is all this about?

Sir Cal. It is about Sir Archy's great grand-mother, madam.

Char. Sir Archy's great grand-mother!

Sir Archy. Madam, he has cast an affront upon a hale nation, and I canna thole it.

Sir Cal. I am sure if I did it, it was more than I intended: it was only to prove the antiquity of my family.

Char. Pray, let me make peace between you.

Sir Archy. Sir, as ye say ye didna intend the affront, I am satisfied.

Sir Cal. Sir Archy, there are two things I am always afraid of; the one is of being affronted myself, and the other of affronting any man.

Char. A very generous disposition, Sir Callaghan—but I hope this affair is over.

Sir Archy. I am satisfied, madam; but let me tell you, Sir Callaghan, as a friend, as a friend, man, you should never enter into disputes about history, literature, or antiquity of families, for you have got such a cursed wicked jargon upon your tongue—

Sir Cal. Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir Archy—'tis you have got such a damn'd twist of Scots brogue, that you don't understand good English when I speak it.

Sir Archy. Vera weel, vera weel—but you are out again; for every body kens that I speak the sooth country dialect fae weel, that wherever I gang I am always taken for an Englishman—but we'll appeal to the lady which o' us twa has the brogue.

Sir Cal. With all my heart.—Pray, madam, have I the brogue?

Char. No, sir.

Sir Cal. I am fure I never could perceive it.

Char. Neither have a brogue, you both speak very good English—But come, gentlemen, dinner waits.

Sir Cal. We'll follow you, madam.

Char. Pray don't be long. [Exit Char.]

Sir Archy. Weel now, dinna gi'e o'er the design of the letter.

Sir Cal. Sir Archy, never fear me, for as the old song goes,

*You never did hear,
Of an Irishman's fear,
In love or in battle.*

In love or in battle.

We're always on duty,

And ready for beauty;

Tho' cannons do rattle.

Tho' cannons do rattle:

By day and by night

We love and we fight,

We're honour's defenders.

We're honour's defenders.

The foe and the fair,

We always take care

To make them surrender,

To make them surrender.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir ARCHY MACSARCASM and CHARLOTTE.

Sir Archy.

WAUNS, madam! step intil us for a few minutes; you will crack your sides with laughing—We ha'e gOTTEN anither fuil come to divert us unexpectedly, which I think the highest fuil that the age has produced.

Char. Who is it you mean, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. Squire Groom, madam, the finest you ever beheld; in little boots half up his leg, a cap, his jockey drefs, and a' his pontificalibus, just as he made his match yesterday at York. Antiquity in a' its records of Greek and Roman folly never produced

a senator visiting his mistress in so compleat a fool's garb.

Char. This is some new stroke of humour.

Enter MORDECAI.

Mord. Ha! ha! I shall burst :—I have left the Irishman and Squire Groom at a challenge.

Char. I hope not.

Sir Archy. Ha! ha! that is guid, that is guid : I thought it would come to action, ha! ha! that's clear!—we sal ha'e ane o' them pink'd.

Mord. O madam! the challenge need not terrify you : 'tis only in half pints of claret to your ladyship's health.

Char. Lord! Mr. Mordecai, how can you startle one so?

Sir Archy. I am very sorry for that : Guid troth! I was in hopes they had a mind to show their prowess before the lady their mistress, or that we should ha'e a little Irish or Newmarket bluid spilt. But what was the cause of the challenge, Mordecai?

Mord. Why, their passion for this lady—till the dispute rising high, they determined to decide it in a cascade of claret.

Char. Oh, I'm afraid they will kill themselves?

Sir Archy. Never fear, madam, nought's never in danger.

Mord. Look, look, the champion comes.

Enter Squire GROOM.

Groom. Hoics, hoics!—hark forward my little princefs! forward, forward! hoics—Heaugh! madam, I beg a million of pardons for not being with you at dinner; it was not my fault, 'pon honour—I sat up all night, and propos'd to set out betimes; but about eleven o'clock last night, at York—we were all damn'd jolly, and tofs'd off six flasks of Burgundy a-piece. But that booby, Sir Roger Bumper, borrow'd my stop watch to set his by it.—Here it is, look at it, madam, it corrects the sun; they all go by it, madam, at Newmarket; and so, madam, as I was telling you—the drunken blockhead put mine back two hours o' purpose to deceive me, otherwise it was fifty to one, I could have been here to a second.

Char. Pray, sir, what is the meaning of this extraordinary dress?

Groom. Not a peer in England could have one more tasty, the true turf taste:—You must know, madam, I rode my match in this very dress yesterday, and Jack Buck, Roger Bumper, Frank Fudge, and a few more of them, laid me a hundred each, that I would not ride to London, and visit you in it, ha! ha! but I've taken them all in damme; ha! ha! ha'nt I, madam?

Char. Pray, what time do you take to ride from York to London?

Groom. Ha ! time, madam—why, bar a neck, a leg, or an arm, sixteen hours, seven minutes, and thirty-two seconds, sometimes three or four seconds under, that is, to the Stones, not to my own house.

Sir Archy. No, no, not till your ain house, that would be too much.

Groom. No, no, only to the Stones end ; but then I have my own hacks, that are all steel to the bottom—all blood-stickers and lappers every inch of them, my dear, that will come through if they have but one leg out of the four. I never keep any thing, madam, that is not bottom—Game to the last ! Game, ay, ay ! you'll find every thing that belongs to me game !

Sir Archy. Weel said, Squire Groom ! Yes, yes, he is game to the bottom, he is game, madam.—There, walk about mon, and shew us your shapes ; what a fine figure, and has sae guid an understanding, that it's a pity he ever should do any thing but ride horse-races.—What a fuil ! don't you think he is a cursed ideot ?

[*Aside to Mord.*

Mord. Well enough for a country squire.

Groom. Well, madam, which of us must be the happy man ? You know I love you, madam—you know I do : May I never cross Jostle, if I don't.

Char. Oh, sir, I see your passion in your eyes.

Sir Archy. Weel, but squire, you ha' gi'en us no account how your match went.

Char. What was your match, sir ?

Groom. Our subscription and our sweepstakes.—There are seven of us, madam, Jack Buck, Lord Brainless, Bob Rattle—You know Bob, madam ?—

Bob's a damn'd honest fellow—Sir Harry Idle, Dick Riot, Sir Roger Bumper, and myself. We put in five hundred pounds a-piece, all to ride ourselves, and carry my weight—all to carry my weight : The odds at starting were seven to four against me the field round ; and the field, ten, fifteen, and twenty to one : For you must know, madam, they thought they had me at a dead wind ; for the thing I was to ride was let down in the back sinews, ha ! ha ! do you mind me, let down in his exercise !

Sir Archy. Ah ! that was unlucky.

Groom. Damn'd unlucky ! but that my groom had him gired, and he stood sound, was in fine condition, sleek as your ladyship's skin : We started off score, by Jupiter, and for the first half-mile you might have cover'd us all with your under-petticoat. I saw, I had them in hand, but your friend Bob, madam, ha ! ha ! I shall never forget it : Poor Bob's gelding took the rest, flew out of the course, and run over two attornies, a quack doctor, a methodist parson, an exciseman, and a little beau, madam, that you used to laugh at so immoderately at Bath—a little dirty thing with a chocolate coloured phiz, just like Mordecai.

Sir Archy. There he had the little Girgashite upon the hip.

Groom. The people were in hopes he had killed the lawyers, and were damnably disappointed when they found he had only broke the leg o' the one, and the back of the other.

Char. Well, sir, pray inform us who won the subscription?

Groom. It lay between me and Dick Riot, madam; we were neck and heels for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground, and running every inch, but at the first I felt for him, found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pull'd up—pretended to dig;—but Fudge—Frank Fudge gave the signal to Tom Ticklepurse to lay it on thick: I had the whip hand all the way—lay with my nose in the neck under the wind thus, snug—snug, my dear—had him quite in hand—while Riot was digging and lapping right and left, but it would not do, my dear, against foot and bottom and head.—I let go, darted by him like an arrow—so within a hundred yards of the distance post poor Dick was blown to destruction, knocked up as stiff as a turnpike, and I left to canter in by myself, madam, and I twitch'd them all round, grip'd the gamblers, broke the blacklegs—for I took all the odds before starting, split me! ha! was'nt I right, old Shadrach? ha! took all the odds, took all the odds, old dirt colour? [To Mord.]

Sir Archy. Ha! ha! well, 'tis wonderful to think at what a pitch of excellency our nobility are arrived at in the art of sporting. I believe we excel a' the nobility of Europe in that science, especially in jockeyship.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll start a horse, fight a man, hunt a pack of hounds, ride a match or fox chace, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast with any nobleman in the kingdom for a thousand each, and I say done first, damme.

Sir Archy. Ha! ha! the squire's the keenest sportsman in a' Europe, madam. There is naething comes amiss to him, madam—he is a perfect Nimrod, he hunts a' things frae the flea in the blanket, to the elephant in the forest—he is at a' a perfect Nimrod—are you not, squire?

Groom. Yes—I am a Nimrod at all, at any thing. Why I ran a snail with his grace the other day for five hundred pounds—there was nothing in it—won it hollow, quite hollow!—half a horn's length.

Sir Archy. Half a horn's length! ah, that was hollow indeed.

Groom. Was it not hollow?

Sir Archy. Oh, devilish hollow indeed, Squire Groom!—But where is Sir Theodore a' this time?

Groom. Oh! he's with Sir Callaghan, joking him about drinking bumpers with me, and his passion for you, madam.

Sir Archy. You maun ken, gentlemen, this lady and I have laid a scheme to ha'e a little sport wi' Sir Callaghan: If ye will a' step behin' the screen, I'll gang and fetch him, and you shall hear him mak love as fierce as Alexander, or ony heroe in tragedy.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

Sir Archy. Then, madam, do you retire and come in till him, as if you came for the purpose—I'll fetch him in an instant.

Sir Archy. I will be ready, Sir Archy.

[*Exit Char.*

Sir Archy. Get you behin' gentlemen—get you behin'.

[*Exit Sir Archy.*

Groom. Ay, ay, we'll squat—never fear, Sir Archy—an Irishman make love!—I shall be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love.—What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? Do you think he'll make love in Irish.

Mord. Hush, hush, squire! they are come.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Sir ARCHY and Sir CALLAGHAN.

Sir Archy. Speak bawldly, man, ye ken the auld proverb—*Faint heart*—

Sir Cal. Oh, that's true!—*never won fair lady.* But you shall see, I will soon bring it to an ecclaircissement.

Sir Archy. Oh, that's right, man, stick to that. She will be wi' you in a twinkling. I wish you guid success. [Exit.]

Sir Cal. I will follow my friend Sir Archy's advice, and attack the dear creature with vigour at once.—Upon my conscience, she's here in the midst of my soliloquy.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Sir Callaghan, your's—I beg your pardon, I expected to find the other gentlemen here.

Sir Cal. Dear lady, your pardon you easily command; and as I am at war with the force of your charms, and mean to attack you instantly, will beg a truce before I come to action.

Sir Archy. He begins vera weel—he has got intil the heart of the battle already.

Char. But I am told, Sir Callaghan, you dedicate some part of your time to the Muses, may I intreat the favour of a song.

Sir Cal. Why, madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing one of the Muses, in the shape of a song, and I hope you'll excuse my putting your name to it.

Char. Upon condition that you will let me hear it.

Sir Cal. Oh! dear madam, don't ask me, it's a very foolish song—a mere bagatelle.

Char. Oh! Sir Callaghan, I will admit of no excuse.

Sir Cal. Well, madam, since you desire it, you shall have it, were it ten times worse—tol de rol, lol—I don't know when I shall come at the right side of my voice, tol, rol.

Sir Archy. Ha! ha! now for it—You shall hear sic a sang as has na been penn'd sin' the-days they first clipt the wings o' the wild Irish.

Char. Dear sir, I am quite impatient.

Sir Cal. Now, madam, I'll tell you before hand, you must not expect fine singing from me as you hear at the opera, because we lads are not cut out for it like the Italians.

[Sings.

*Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
Who darken the day and enlighten the night;
I sing of a woman of such flesh and blood,
One touch of her finger would do your heart good!*

*Ten times in a day to her chamber I come,
To tell her my passion, but can't, I'm struck dumb.
For Cupid he seizes my soul with surprize,
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.*

*Her little dog Pompey's my rival I see,
She kisses and hugs him, but frowns upon me:
Then pray, my dear Charlotte, debase not your
 charms,
But instead of your lap-dog take me to your arms.*

Sir Archy. Come now, the fang's o'er, let us steal
awa'.

Groom. He's a damn'd droll fellow: Instead of
your lap-dog take me to your arms, ha! ha! ha!

Sir Archy. Hush, softly! dinna let him hear us
steal aff.—He's an excellent droll fellow, as guid as
a farce or a comedy—a deevilish comical cheel!

[*Exeunt Sir Archy, Mord. and Groom.*]

Char. But, Sir Callaghan, I fear no lady can boast
of allurements, sufficient to make you quit the army.

Sir Cal. Why, madam, when in my very early
years, my good king was my friend in distress, and
now he's at war, and wants my assistance, I should
be a poltroon to leave him.

Char. Why then, Sir Callaghan, your servant,
War is your mistress, and to her charms I resign you.

[*Exit Char.*]

Sir Cal. Upon my conscience I feel very foolish—
Oh, but I will make a general attack, give the *coup
de main*, raise the siege, set off for Germany to-mor-

row morning—tell her my passion, and take my leave without saying a word.

Enter Sir ARCHY and MORDECAI.

Mord. Why, Sir Archy, from what I can at present perceive, by the dejected looks of Sir Theodore, the lady herself, and in short the behaviour of the whole family, certainly something wrong in their affairs has just happened.

Sir Archy. Your conjectures are very right, Mr. Mordecai—'tis a' over with him—he's an undone beggar, and sae is the girl.

Mord. Sir, you astonish me.

Sir Archy. 'Tis an unexpected business, but it's a fact, I assure you. Here he is himself, poor devil, how wae he looks !

Enter Sir THEODORE and a LAWYER.

Sir Theo. This unexpected blow from abroad affects me indeed : What, my friend to fail me in whom I placed such an implicit faith ! Not only to venture my own, but unfortunately my dear girl's fortune. Her misfortunes touch me more than my own ; however, I will endeavour to bear this shock as well as I can, collect my spirits, and break this affair to my poor Charlotte.

[Exeunt Sir Theo. and Lawyer.]

Mord. Fore gad, this is surprisng ! Sir Archy, what has occasioned all this ?

Sir Archy. Faith, Mordecai, I dinna ken the particulars : but it seems by the words of Sir Theodore himself, a rich merchant in Holland his partner, and he—the guardian over this lady, are both bankrupts ; and as the lawyer there without confirms, have failed for above an hundred thousand pounds more than they can answer.

Mord. And how does that affect the young lady ?

Sir Archy. Why, sir, the greatest part of her fortune it seems was in trade with Sir Theodore—besides the suit in Chancery for above forty thousand has been determined against her this very day, so that they are a' undone.

Mord. You surprise me, Sir Archy, I thought the forty thousand was proved clearly in her favour.

Sir Archy. O ye dinna ken the law ; the law is a sort of Hocus Pocus, that smiles in your face although it pick your pocket ; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors than the justice of it. Here they come, and seemingly in great affliction.

Enter Sir THEODORE and CHARLOTTE.

Char. My dear guardian and parent, let me call you, for indeed such you have ever been, give not yourself up to grief on my account.

Sir Theo. It is only on your account that I can be miserable, and yet for you there is a beam of hope :

I think we can with safety rely upon the honour and integrity of Sir Archibald Macfarcaism, who will marry and snatch you from all misfortunes.

Sir Archy. Gin ye rely upon me, ye rely upon a broken staff; ye may as well rely upon the philosopher's stane. What? would you marry me to make me a mender of broken citizen's fortunes; but I'll speak to them, and end the dispute at anes.—I am concern'd to see you in this disorder, Sir Theodore.

Char. Oh! Sir Archy, if all the vows you ever profess'd and so lavishly bestow'd, were real, I am sure this change of fortune will make no alteration in your sentiments of honour. Now let the truth be seen.

Sir Archy. Madam, I am sorry to be the messenger o' ill news, but a' our connections is at an end. Our house has heard o' my connections wi' you, and I have had letters frae six dukes, five marquisses, four earls, three barons, and other dignitaries o' the family, remonstrating, nay expressly prohibiting my contaminating the bluid of the Macfarcaisms wi' any thing sprung frae a hog'shead or a compting house. I assure you, madam, my passion for you is vera strong, but I canna bring disgrace upon an honourable family.

Char. There is no truth, no virtue in man.

Sir Archy. Guid troth, nor in woman neither that has nae fortune! Here is Mordecai, a wandering Israelite, a vagabond Hebrew, that's a very casualty, sprung frae annuities, bulls, bears, and lottery tickets, and can hae nae family objections—he is passionately

fond o' you, and till this offspring of accident and Mammon I resign my interest in ye.

Mord. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I beg your pardon ; marriage is a thing I have not thoroughly consider'd, and I must take some time before I can determine upon so inextricable a subject, and I assure you, madam, my affairs at present are not in a matrimonial posture.

Char. I despise both them and you.

Enter Squire GROOM.

Groom. Hoicks, hilli ho, ho !—why what's the matter here ? what are we all at fault ? Is this true, Sir Theodore ? Zounds, I hear that you and the filly both run o' wrong side the post.

Sir Theo. Squire this is no time to joke and trifle, or to attempt to disguise our feelings on so serious and affecting a stroke. However, sir, this is a charming girl, whose virtues deserve a noble fortune, but the loss of it will surely make no abatement in your affections.

Groom. Harkye, Sir Theodore, I always make a match agreeable to the speed or age of my cattle, or the weight my things can carry. When I offer'd to match her give and take, the filly was neither piper nor blinker—chest bound nor spavin'd ; but I hear now her wind's touch'd ; if so I would not back her for a shilling. I'll take her into my stead, if you will—she has a fine forehand—she moves her patters well, gets on a good pace, a deal of fashion and some

blood, and will do well enough to breed out of ; but I won't keep her in training though, for she can't carry weight enough to come thro'—Matrimony, sir, is a curfed long course, devilish heavy and sharp turnings ; it won't do—she can't come thro'—no, damme, she can't come thro' !

Sir Archy. I think, squire, ye judge right in my thoughts—the best thing the lady can do, is to snap at the Irishman.

Mord. Well observed, Sir Archy.

Groom. Ay, ay, Archy has an excellent nose, and hits off a fault as well as any hound I ever follow'd.

Sir Archy. He's sic a luiver as a lady in her circumstances could wish.

Char. Thou wretch, whose sentiments of honour are still more despicable than your sentiments of love ! though I am to fortune lost, my mind shall never be guilty of principles of baseness.

Mord. Hush, hush ! he's here.

Enter Sir CALLAGHAN.

Sir Archy. What, my guid friend, Sir Callaghan, I kifs your hand. I ha' been speaking to the lady in your behalf wi' a' the eloquence I ha'—she is enamour'd of your person, and ye are just come in the nick o' time to receive her heart and hand.

Sir Cal. 'Pon my conscience, Sir Archy, I should be prouder to receive that lady's hand than a general's staff, or the greatest honour the army could bestow upon me.

Sir Archy. 'Twould be a devilish lucky match for her.—The fellow has a guid fortune, is a great blockhead, and loves her vehemently—three excellent qualities!—Come, come, madam, true love is impatient and despises ceremony—gi'e him 'your hand at anes.

Char. No, sir, I cannot impose myself upon Sir Callaghan as unworthy of his esteem, and destitute of friends and fortune.

Sir Cal. What means all this?

Sir Theo. Why nephew, this lady here, my unfortunate ward, this morning was possess'd of a legacy, as we thought, fit to make happy the first of families, but by my ill conduct and want of care, her fortune which I had ventur'd in trade is lost abroad, and the law suit lost at home—Therefore her virtue, not fortune, must now be the object of your affections.

Sir Cal. I assure you, Sir Theodore, I rejoice at her distress—for when she was rich I approach'd her with fear and trembling, because I was not her equal: But now she is poor and has nobody to defend her, I feel something warm about my heart, that tells me I love her better than when I thought she was rich; and if my life and fortune will be of any service to her, she shall command them for ever and ever.

Char. Generous man!

Sir Theo. And will you take her for life?

Sir Cal. Ay! and for death too, which is a great deal longer than life you know.

Sir Theo. Then take her, sir, and with her an ample fortune—my bankruptcy was entirely feign'd—it

was only to try the sincerity of these gentlemen who call themselves lovers.

Mord. How's this?

Groom. A hellish cross flung upon us by heavens—distanc'd to damnation.

Sir Archy. Gently, gently, whisht—he's only taking him in—the bubble's bit.

Sir Theo. Why do you now pause, dear nephew? It was only a scheme to try the mean, the mercenary, illiberal arts of those who are a disgrace to mankind, their country and themselves.

Sir Cal. Why this is something like what those little jackanapes about town call humbugging a man.—First, she has no fortune, then she has a fortune, and then she has no fortune again.

Sir Theo. What I now tell you is a sacred truth. Take her, sir, and with her a heart worthy your acceptance—take her as a reward for your disinterested affection.

Sir Cal. Take her—the devil take me if I don't.

Char. And I yield to your proposal with unfeigned pleasure.

Sir Cal. By the glory of a soldier, I had rather be at her foot than at the head of a regiment—and now she's mine by all the rules of war, I have a right to lay her under contribution, for her kisses are lawful plunder. [*Kisses her.*] O ye are a little tight creature!—'Pon honour, her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

Groom. Why the knowing ones are all taken in here—stripp'd and double distanc'd. Zounds, the silly has run a crimp upon us.

Mord. Damn it, she has jilted us most confoundedly.

Sir Archy. By the cross of St. Andrew, I'll be revenged.—I ken a lad of an honourable family, wha understands the ancient classics in a' perfection—He is now composing a comedy, and he shall insinuate baith their characters intil it.

Mord. And I'll write a lampoon, where she shall have an intrigue with a life-guards-man, a grenadier, and an opera singer.

Groom. I have a hedge yet. I can't write, but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll poison her parrot, kill her monkey, and cut off her squirrel's tail, damme.

Sir Cal. Harkye, gentlemen, I hope you'll ask my leave for all this. If you offer to write any of your nonsensicals, or if you offer to touch a hair of the parrot's head, or a feather of the monkey's tail, or a hair of any thing belonging to this lady, I'll be after making a few remarks upon your bodies. Look ye, I have an excellent pen by my side that is a good critic, and writes a legible hand upon impertinent authors.

Sir Archy. Hoot awa', hoot awa', man, dinna talk in that idle manner, sir. Our swords are as sharp and as responsible as the swords of ither men; but this is nae time for sic matters; ye hae got the lady, and we ha'e got the willow. I am only sorry for the little Girgashite, beau Mordecai, for he has bespoke the nuptial chariot and a' his liveries; and my friend Squire Groom, I fear is quite lock'd in wi' the turf;—and guid troth I am sorry for the lady, for she has

lost being match'd into the great house of the Mac-
sarcasms, which is the greatest loss of a'.

Sir Cal. This is something like the catastrophe of a
stage play, where knaves and fools are disappointed.

Sir Theo. And an honest man rewarded.

FINIS.



I.
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a

THE
GOVERN^{ESS}.

A
COMIC OPERA.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, AND
SMOCK-ALLEY.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCIII.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

ENOCH ISSACHAR,	-	-	Mr. Ryder.
DON PEDRO,	-	-	Mr. Vandermere.
OCTAVIO,	-	-	Mr. Owenfon.
SANCHO,	-	-	Mr. G. Dawson.
FATHER JOHN,	-	-	Mr. Wilder.
LORENZO,	-	-	Mr. Du Bellamy.

Women.

URSULA, <i>the Governess,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Heapthy.
FLORA,	-	-	Mrs. Thompson.
SOPHIA,	-	-	Miss Potter.

PRIARS, MASKS, SERVANTS, &c.

100-400000-111111

THE
GOVERNESSES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SANCHO, with a lanthorn.

Sancho.

WELL, surely, this is the hardest task in nature, to serve a man so far gone in love.—Why, my master neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps; and here I am obliged to attend him, night and day, in the charming amusements of fasting and waking:—This may be pleasant to a lover; but as I am not one of the fighting gentry, I could wish for more substantial entertainment.—At this rate, we shall make a black lent of the whole year:—in a fortnight I shall be shrunk to less than a sizeable eel;—my cheeks are already thinner than parchment, and my jaws, for want of proper use, are almost lock'd:—This master of mine, is—but, here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Loren. Well, firrah, what are you doing here? Did I not order you home?—

San. I was thinking, fir, if you would but be persuaded to go home, lay down, and take a little bit of a nap—if it was but by way of novelty, it—

Loren. Who bid you think, rascal? Begone! and let me no longer be troubled with your impertinence.

San. Impertinence! Dear fir, consider my melancholy condition; and, if you will indulge any passion, pray let it be compassion for the hollow sound of my stomach—

Loren. Peace, cormorant! Thou hast not an idea beyond the gross sensation of eating.

San. I confess the charge, and heartily wish it more substantial than mere idea.—

Loren. No more, dolt! You shall fast and wake as long as I please;—so begone home, as you fear correction. [*Exit Loren.*]

San. There he goes! Love has taken full possession of his brain; and until he comes to his sober senses, I shall have neither food nor rest. Plague of all your fine sensations, I say. [*Exit San.*]

Enter OCTAVIO, LORENZO, and gentlemen, with guittars, and mask'd; who approach under Sophia's window.

SERENADE.

Octav. Tell me, my lute, can thy fond strain,
So gently speak thy master's pain,

ACT I.

GOVERNESS.

*So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That—tho' my sleeping love shall know
Who sings—Who sighs below,—
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly.*

*Thus may some vision whisper more,
Than ever I dare speak before !*

Lor. 'Tis all in vain, Octavio ; Sophia will not hear you ; and, if she does, 'twill be to little purpose.

Octav. I am not of your opinion, Lorenzo : a sincere and tender lover should never shrink at a faint repulse : if she is within hearing, I doubt not to convince you of your error.

A I R.

Octav. *The breath of morn bids hence the night ;
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair ;
For, till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day—I own no light.*

[*After the song Sophia appears at her window.*]

A I R.

Sophia. *Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight :
'Tis Phæbus sure that wooes, I cry'd,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.*

[Don Pedro above—opens his window.

A I R.—TRIO.

Don Pe. *What vagabonds are these I hear,
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting?
Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!*

Sophia. *Nay, prithee, father, why so rough?*
Oët. *An humble lover I!*

Don Pe. *How durst you daughter, lend an ear
To such deceitful stuff?
Quick from the window fly!*

Sophia. *Adieu, Oëtavio!—Oët. Must you go?*

O. & S. *We soon, perhaps, may meet again;
For tho' hard fortune is our foe,
The god of love will fight for us.—*

Don Pe. *Reach me the blunderbuss!*

O. & S. *The god of love who knows our pain.*

Don Pe. *Hence, or these flugs are thro' your brain.*

SCENE II.

*Chamber in Don Pedro's house.—Enter DON PEDRO
and SOPHIA.*

D. Pe. 'Tis well the catterwauling puppy made his

escape :—a minute more, and I would have made a riddle of his callicoe carcase.

Soph. Why, fir, should his honourable love subject him to such cruel treatment ?

D. Ped. Honourable love ! and cruel treatment ?—fine romantic babble, truly !—But I'll make you know, sighing, whining madam, that you are a daughter born to obey, and I a father, born to command,—absolute in power, and shrewd in discernment :—so, no more tricks, d'ye hear ?—

[Exeunt into the house.]

SCENE III.

Street.—Enter LORENZO and OCTAVIO.

Oct. Nay, prithee don't be grave, Lorenzo—I have my perplexities ; yet bear up against them.

Lor. I am the most unfortunate of all men living, Octavio—

Oct. What is the matter ?—Has Flora and you had any difference ?

Lor. I am on the rack !—She is so much displeased, that I know not if ever I shall see her again.

Oct. What, has she taken ill ?—You must have been much to blame ; for Flora is all gentleness.

Lor. Indeed I found it was impossible to attempt seeing her, the father kept so watchful an eye :—so

that I attempted to bribe her maid, which succeeded to my wish, and she conveyed me to her apartment.

Os. A gallant youth, upon my word!—And, then, I'll be sworn you took some liberty that has shocked her delicacy.—Tell me, did you dare to take her hand?

Lor. Most assuredly I did.

Os. And did you presume to trespass on a kiss, without her consent?

Lor. A kiss!—I ravished a dozen from her.—

Os. And can you wonder at her displeasure?

Lor. Not in the least: but I am distracted in having lost her.

A I R.

Lor. *Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
c: Soon would impartial Reason
The tyrant Love disarm:
But when enrag'd I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests her beauty,
And sees, while Reason's blind.*

Lor. Octavio, you were once fond of Flora: how stands your affection now?

Os. Your sister now possesses all my soul.—I once thought Flora had charms; but the coldness and neglect with which she treated me, recalled my heart to its wonted state of indifference.

A I R.

O^a. *I ne'er could any lustre see
 In eyes that would not look on me :
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
 But where my own did hope to sip.
 Has the maid who seeks my heart
 Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art ?
 I will own the colour true,
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.*

*Is her hand so soft and pure ?—
 I must press it to be sure :
 Nor can I e'en be certain then,
 'Till it grateful press again.
 Must I, with attentive eye,
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
 I will do so—when I see
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.*

Lor. I'll do all in my power to assist your suit with my sister :—but I charge you not to attempt running away with her.—You shall have my interest as far as that can serve you.

O^a. Would not you, Lorenzo, run away with Flora, if she would consent ?

Lor. I must confess I should not hesitate : but, you will allow, we never do by other men's wives and daughters, as we wish they should do by our's.

O^a. You need be under no uneasiness, on my account, in respect to Flora.

A I R.

O&. *Friendship is the bond of reason ;
But, if beauty disapprove,
Heav'n absolves all other treason,
In the heart that's true to love.*

*The faith, which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view :
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.*

*Then if to one I false must be ;
Can I doubt which to prefer—
A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to love and her.*

[Exit O&.]

Lor. Sure Octavio has no lurking passion for Flora.
And yet, methinks, this change may be all pretence :
for who that has ever loved her can cease to do so—
But, from his try'd sincerity, how can I doubt his
friendship ?

A I R.

Lor. *Tho' cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love too are strong :—
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy her smiles if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah ! none but the jealous—the jealous can know !*

*When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore ;
These smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more.
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow !*
[Exit Lor.]

SCENE IV.

*Chamber in Don Pedro's house.—Enter SOPHIA and
GOVERNESS.*

Gov. Are you still determined, my dear miss, to take so rash a step?—Are you really so fond of Octavio, as to marry him without a fortune ? I fear you will hereafter repent, and reflect on the imprudence of your choice.

A I R.

Soph. *Thou can'st not boast of fortune's store,
My love ! while me they wealthy call ;
But I was glad to find thee poor—
For, with my heart, I'd give thee all,
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.*

*But, when his worth my hand shall gain,
 No word or look of mine shall shew
 That I the smallest thought retain
 Of what my bounty did bestow :
 Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
 I lov'd him for himself alone.*

Gov. Indeed, Sophia, I overheard your father say, you should marry little Enoch the Jew to-morrow morning :—Now, if we succeed in our plot, you shall give him up to me entirely.

Soph. O, yes, with all my heart !—But have you gained the maid to my interest ?—My brother Lorenzo has promised his assistance.

Gov. All is as you wish.—But I must have Octavio's last letter : that must be the cause of his suspicion ; and leave the rest to me.

Soph. There it is ; [*Gives a letter.*] and I wish you success with all my heart.

Enter DON PEDRO and LORENZO.

Don Ped. What is all this scraping, fiddling, and serenading !—I desire I may have no more of it.—And what have you been about, sir ?—disturbing some honest family in the same manner, I suppose ! Sophia, to-morrow, child, I have determined you shall marry Enoch Issachar ; and then—

Soph. O, sir, do not make me miserable !—

D. Ped. Any thing more ?

Soph. Sir, he's a Jew—

D. Ped. That's a mistake : for he has changed his religion these six weeks.—Any thing more ?

Soph. Sir, he's a Portuguese.

D. Ped. That's another mistake ; for he has forsworn his country.—Any thing more ?

Soph. Sir, he has, to me, the greatest fault that ever a man had.

D. Ped. Hey-day !—What's that, pray ?

Soph. He is my aversion.

D. Ped. Sophia, I care not : I know he loves you, and has the money. The best experiment in nature, to obtain good fruit, is to graft on a crab.—You know, my wife and I lived very happy ; yet there was no love between us, and we expected none ; therefore, were not disappointed :—and, the poor woman, when she died, I was so sorry, that I did not care if she had lived. I wish every man in Spain could say as much. And now, sir, if you have any more advice to give your sister, about disobedience to her father, be brief ; for I intend to lock her up in her room, and will not see her face, till she returns to her duty.

Lor. Sir, for my sister's sake, I cannot help speaking—

D. Ped. Then, sir, for my sake, hold your tongue.

[Exit Lor.]

[Don Pedro locks up Sophia, and, returning, meets the Governess.]

D. Ped. So, madam ! have I found you out !—Here's a witch ! engaged in Octavio's interest. How did you dare to encourage such a piece of mischief ?

Gov. Well, and if I am in Octavio's interest, I am not ashamed to own it; for I always delighted in the tender passions—

D. Ped. In the tender passions! O, you old piece of antiquity, you are an antidote to all the tender passions. Get out of my house, this moment, out of my house, I say!—you, that I took into my house to be a scare-crow, to become a decoy-duck!—Get along! you old piece of iniquity!

Gov. Well, sir, I don't want to stay in your house; but I must go and lock up my wardrobe.

D. Ped. Your wardrobe! When you came into my house, you could carry your ward-robe in your comb-case, you could, you old dragon!

Gov. And my veil, too—I hope you would not have me go without my veil.

D. Ped. Your veil! you can't go without a veil, indeed!—I suppose you are afraid of your beauty. Well go along and get your veil, you old devil: [*He lets the Governess into Sophia.*] A fine story indeed! if parents are to be disobeyed on account of love, liking, beauty, and such nonsense:—But, as my father made me marry to please him, without caring twopence for my bride; so, my daughter shall marry to please me, though age, deformity, and avarice should be my choice.

A I R.

*If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life :
No peace you shall know—tho' you've buried your wife :*

At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her.

O ! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

Sighing and whining !

Dying and pining.

O ! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

When scarce in their teens they have wit to perplex us,

With letters and lovers for ever they vex us ;

While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her ;

Wrangling and jangling !

Flouting and pouting !

O ! what a plague is an obstinate daughter !

D. Ped. So, madam, you have got your veil :—
now march off ;—and, if you please, I'll see you clear
of my house.—There, go—go to Octavio !—go to
him ;—and, do you hear ?—since he has got you
turned out of a good place, he had better make you
amends, by taking you home with himself.

[Exit Don Pedro.]

SCENE V.

Enter SOPHIA, who peeps through her veil.

Soph. Good bye to you, sir.

[Laughing.]

Enter FLORA and Maid.—*Sophia sees them and retires.*

Maid. Well, madam, what steps do you intend to pursue, now that you have escap'd from your father?

Flo. My intention is to visit the convent of St. Catherine's; and, perhaps, hereafter take the veil. Lorenzo has so much offended me, that I cannot forgive him.

Soph. [*Coming forward.*] Now, I have left my father's house, I don't know where to go:—if I knew—Ha! who's here?—methinks it should be Flora.

Flo. That must be Sophia. [*Both lifting up their veils.*

Soph. Flora!

Flo. Sophia!

Soph. Flora, I am ashamed to inform you what I have done—your good sense will certainly condemn my conduct.

Flo. Tell me, my dear;—I am your friend, and you may trust me.

Soph. To be plain, then, my dear Flora, I have elop'd from my father's house.

Flo. Indeed, Sophia, I should be angry at so mad an action, but that I have just now committed the same offence.

Soph. And, how do you intend to avoid the search of your family?

Flo. I am going to the convent of St. Catherine's.—My father's severity is past all bearing; and your brother has so much offended me, that I shall never forgive him.

A I R.

Flo. *When sable night each drooping plant restoring,
Wept o'er her flow'rs her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.*

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow

One hour from love and care to rest——

*Lo ! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast !*

He vow'd he came to save me

From those that wou'd enslave me ;

Then kneeling,

Kisses stealing,

Endless faith he swore !

But soon I chid him thence,

For, had his fond pretence

Obtain'd one favour then——

And he had press'd again,

—I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more !

Flo. Where is Octavio ?—Is he not the partner of your flight ?

Soph. No ; nor is he acquainted with my intention.

—My father cruelly insisted I should marry Enoch the Jew to-morrow —this extraordinary command has compelled me to this disagreeable step.—Oh yonder goes my brother, with the very man my father intended I should marry.

Flo. Won't it be dangerous if he sees you ?

Soph. No, my dear, he never saw me ; but his frequent visits to my father's made him shew his odious figure very often before my window, from whence he was shewn to me.

Flo. He comes this way : I'll leave you : [*Going*]
—But, Sophia, when you see your brother, be sure you don't tell him that I am gone to the convent of St. Catharine's, two doors down, on the right hand side of the piazza.

Soph. Oh, you may depend upon it, I will tell him where you may not be found : [*Going.*] But, my dear friend, will you allow me to make use of your name, as I may find occasion.

Flo. With all my heart ;—any thing in my power you may command. [*Exit Flora.*]

Enter ENOCH.

En. Ay, ay, !—there's no doubt this little figure of mine will soon captivate the heart of Don Guzman's daughter.—But, who have we here ?—a pretty girl, faith !—how she eyes me : [*She approaches.*]
Ay, ay ! she is certainly struck with my dress and figure : and I don't wonder at it ;—I have some reason to think they are particularly striking.—

Soph. Sir, your servant :—good stranger, I hope you will excuse this liberty ;—I have a favour to request of you.——

En. I am sorry for you, young woman ;—but I am positively engaged——

Soph. But, sir, you don't seem to understand me—

En. I can't make you any honourable proposals ;—and, if I was to offer any thing else, I suppose you have some good-natured brother or cousin, that would run me through the guts.—You have no hopes, child ;——I am sorry for you.

Soph. It is not your person I solicit ; I have no ambition of that kind ; my suit is of a very different nature : To be plain with you, sir, I am told you are acquainted with Signor Octavio ;—if it is not too much trouble, and you will lend your pity to a stranger, please to direct him to me.

En. Oh,—then 'tis not me you are fond of?——

Soph. You !—no, indeed :——

En. Why, then, I must tell you, that you are a little confident, self-sufficient minx, and not the person I took you for.—But pray, young woman, what is your name ?

Soph. Flora, sir, Don Guzman's daughter. I have left my father's house in pursuit of my lover ; who, as yet, knows nothing of the matter.

En. Hum !—this may turn to my advantage ;—for Sophia I know, is fond of Octavio, and, if she should be jealous of Flora, she will then consent to marry me, in revenge for Octavio's falsehood. [*Aside.*]——Well, miss, to shew you my good-nature, I'll forgive the affront you offered me ; I will endeavour to find you a lover, and send him to you immediately.—In the mean time, here comes a friend of mine I can confide in: he will take care of you while I look for Octavio.

Enter LORENZO.

En. Lorenzo, this is a young lady, whose lover I am going in search of: you will take her to my lodgings, 'till I find him.—Be sure take particular care of her.

Soph. Oh, sir, now that you are acquainted with my situation, sure you won't deceive me;—if you do, it will render me miserable!——

Lor. Well said, female politician.

A I R.

Lor. *Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you :
For, tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.*

*To you no soul shall bear deceit,
Nor stranger offer wrong ;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.*

*But when they learn that you have blest,
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
And act a brother's part.*

*Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.*

DIALOGUE.

Enoch. *My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
Or how can I hope for a smile?*

Louisa. *Soon may you return a prosperous wooer;
But think what I suffer the while!
Alone and away from the man that I love,
In strangers I'm forc'd to confide.*

Enoch. *Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll
prove
Your servant, protector, and guide.*

A I R.

Lor. *Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee——then reject me.
Canst thou trust—and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad—and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee——then reject me.*

T R I O.

Louisa. *Never may'st thou happy be
If in aught thou'rt false to me!*

Lor. *Never may I happy, &c.*

Enoch. *Never may he, &c.*

En. *I am sure my good friend will do all in his
power to amuse you, 'till I find Octavio, and send
him to you—I must on another errand.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Parlour in Don Pedro's House. Enter DON PEDRO
and ENOCH, meeting.*

Don Pedro.

AN ! little Enoch, I rejoice to see thee,—I have been—thinking of thee, and have been planning for your happiness.

En. Don Pedro, you are too good to me ; and I am much obliged to you—I dare say you have thought me tardy in my visit : but a circumstance has detain'd me which I will inform you of.—Your neighbour, Don Guzman's daughter, is run away from her father :—I met her in my way hither ; and she sent me to seek Octavio.—You see I can keep a secret.

D. Ped. Ah, Enoch, see when my daughter will serve me such a trick.—I am wiser than them all.—I have locked her up, to make sure of her.

En. And see when my mistress will serve me so.—My aunt always called me wise little Solomon ; let Enoch alone ; he's a cunning little dog ; a little roguish, now and then, in money matters ; but keen, devilish keen !—I will send Octavio to her ; in which case he will be no longer my rival with Sophia !—Ay, ay ! I am devilish keen.—But, what hopes of success have I with your fair daughter ?

D. Ped. Why, indeed, she is like all her sex---a little perverse :---but, I have lock'd her up, and have sworn never to see her more, 'till she is obedient to my commands ;---and, to-morrow, Enoch, I intend you shall marry her.---Oh ! she is a beautiful creature.

En. I do not doubt it---Please, sir, to give me a description of her.

D. Ped. With all my heart.---Let me see now.---Her eyes are like diamonds of the first water ;---

En. Diamonds of the first water ; that's very good : But I had much rather they were real diamonds.

[*Aside.*

D. Ped. Her skin is like the purest dimity ;---her teeth are even, and whiter and better enamelled than elephant's---and her voice is like a Virginian nightingale's ;---and, as for dimples---hold, hold ; dimples did I say ?---No, she has but one dimple ; but I defy you to tell which is the prettiest, the cheek that has the dimple, or, the cheek that has not the dimple :---then, her chin ;---she has a lovely down on her chin, like the down of a peach.

En. Lord ! Lord ! I am afraid I shall be overpowered with her beauty ; and I should not care to be in love with any thing but her money :---but, for my part, I don't much mind whether handsome or otherwise.---

A I R.

*En. Give Enoch the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good-humour to make her his toast ;*

B

*If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
At six feet, or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.*

*Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care ;
If brown it is lasting—more pleasing if fair :
And, tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.*

*Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes—may be e'en any colour but green ;
For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.*

*'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And, white teeth I own—are genteeler than black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire—that she mayn't have a beard.*

D. Ped. There ! there ! go your ways to her : that way leads to her chamber ;—the maid will conduct you to the apartment.

En. I must confess, I feel a little bashful.—How should I address her ;—Do you think she will be struck with my figure ?

D. Ped. You a lover !—and ask that question—let me instruct you—

A I R.

D. Ped. *When the maid whom we love,
No intreaties can move,*

*Who'd lead a life of pining ?
 If her charms will excuse
 The fond rashness you use,
 — Away with idle whining !
 Ne'er stand like a fool,
 With looks sheepish and cool ;—
 Such bashful love is teasing ;
 But with spirit address,
 And, you're sure of success ;
 For honest warmth is pleasing.*

*Nay, tho' wedlock's in view,
 Like a rake if you'll woo,
 Girls sooner quit their coldness :
 They know beauty inspires,
 Less respect than desires—
 Hence love is prov'd by boldness.—
 So ne'er stand like a fool, &c.*

[Exit Don Pedro.]

SCENE II.

Chamber.—Enter ENOCH.

En. Hark ! I thought I heard her !—No ; it was
 only my fears !—Lord ! she must be a most beautiful
 and enchanting creature !—I think I hear the rat-
 tling of silks :—it must be she.—O, here she comes.

Enter GOVERNESS, dressed like Sophia.

Gov. Sir, your servant—

En. Your servant, madam—

Gov. My papa has informed me, sir, that you are the gentleman has kindly professed a partiality for me--- Will you please to sit down, sir?

En. Madam, I hope—I hope, madam. [*Advances slowly towards the chair.*] O law!--[*Governess advancing to the chair.*] I don't know what to say--- [*Sees her.*] Zounds! what a witch!—

Gov. What's the matter, sir?—you appear frighten'd.

En. No, madam, I'm oblig'd to you---Zounds! is this the bit of dimity he told me of?---But as long as she has money enough, I'll try to reconcile her looks. [*Aside.*]

Gov. I hope you are not ill, sir?—

En. Only a little surpriz'd, madam:—your beauty has overcome me---Yes, she has the down upon her chin sure enough. [*Aside.*]

Gov. Do, pray sit down, sir:—you'll wonder at my condescension, sir;—but I was informed you was the poorest little diminutive wretch;—that you was ill-made, yellow-faced, snub-nos'd;—instead of which, I find you so genteel, so well bred, that I protest I am quite charm'd with you—

En. There is something very pretty in the tone of her voice.

Gov. You are really so captivating, that I am quite delighted with you—so much, that maiden modesty gives way to the striking proportion of your person—

En. Faith, now I look at her again, she is not quite so ugly. [*Drawing nearer.*] Will you pardon me, madam, if I salute you. [*Kisses her.*] Faugh!—a man might as well kiss a hedge-hog. [*Aside.*]

Gov. But, sir, you must pardon me—you should get rid of that filthy beard :—I protest it is like an artichoke. —

En. Why, as you say, miss, the razor would not be amiss—for either of us. [*Aside.*]—But, I am told you have a sweet voice, miss—will you please to favour me with a song—by way of passing the time?

Gov. My papa, sir, is afraid to trust me even with my music-master; and I have not practised for some time :—But, I'll try. [*Endeavouring to sing but screams.*]

En. Very like a Virginian nightingale! [*Aside.*]

Gov. I'm very hoarse, sir.

En. Oh, pray, miss, don't trouble yourself to sing any more: I hear you are very hoarse :—but, perhaps, if you took it lower, it would not oblige you to make such very wry faces.

Gov. I have a very great cold, sir;—but to please so accomplished a gentleman, I'll endeavour to recollect my last new words.

A I R.

Gov. *When a tender maid*
 Is first essay'd

*By some admiring swain,
 How her blushes rise,
 If she meets his eyes,
 While he unfolds his pain !
 If he takes her hand—she trembles quite !
 Touch her lips—and she swoons outright,
 While a pit-a-pat, &c.
 Her heart avows her fright.
 But in time appear
 Fewer signs of fear :
 The youth she boldly views :
 If her hand he grasp,
 Or her bosom clasp,
 No mantling blush ensues !
 Then to church well pleased the lovers move,
 While her smiles her contentment prove ;
 And a pit-a-pat, &c.
 Her heart avows her love !*

En. Well, Miss Sophia, may I hope for the happiness of calling you mine, to-morrow ?—It is your father's desire, and what I most ardently wish for.—

Gov. One thing promised, and I shall freely consent.—As my father treated me with such severity, I made a vow never to receive a husband from his hands : but, if you will obtain the key of the garden gate, under pretence of our walking, I will elope from thence with you.

En. [*Pausing.*] In that case, I shall not be obliged to make any settlement on her. [*Aside.*]—Yes, miss, I will endeavour to prevail upon your father ; as I am very much in his good graces.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Well said, brother Enoch, that is to be :---I see you are a brisk, and I hope a thriving wooer.

En. As to that, thriving enough ;---but, as to your sister, pray was you ever told there was a family likeness ?

Gov. What does my brother say, Mr. Enoch ?

En. I am so puzzled, I don't know what to say.---Do, for heaven's sake, say or sing something to please her.

Lor. I'd strive to please you both.---She is very tenacious of her beauty.---

En. I don't doubt it :---she has a damn'd deal of it; and she ought to hold it fast.

A I R.

Lor. *Ah, sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature !*

The youth excelling so in mien,

The maid in ev'ry grace of feature !

O, how happy are such lovers,

When kindred beauties each discovers !

For surely she

Was made for thee,

And thou to bless this lovely creature !

So mild your looks, your children thence,

Will early learn the task of duty,

*The boys with all their father's sense,
 The girls with all their mother's beauty;
 O, how happy to inherit,
 At once such graces and such spirit!
 Thus while you live,
 May Fortune give—
 Each blessing—equal to your merit!*

En. Lorenzo, I thank thee. Now, miss, I'll wait upon your father and obtain the key.

Gov. Before you don't tell my papa how complying I have been.

En. O, you may depend, miss, upon my prudence. Such a damn'd piece of conceit and ugliness I never saw in my life. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter DON PEDRO and ENOCH.

D. Ped. Well, Enoch, what reception did you meet with?—Is not she a fine girl?—She has her grandfather's lip to a hair.

En. And her grandfather's chin to a hair. [*Aside.*]

D. Ped. Well, Enoch, what reception did you meet with? How did my daughter behave?

En. Why, better than I thought:—But pray, how old may your daughter be?

D. Ped. Let me see:—twelve and eight—ay—is just twenty.

En. Then I'll venture to say, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in the kingdom.—Why, zounds!

she might pass for my grandmother :---and as to her skin, that you told me was like the purest dimity, by this light it is downright nankeen :---And then, her teeth being white---why, they're as black as a coal ; where one is ivory its neighbour is pure ebony, alternately black and white like the keys of an harpsichord :---Her voice, too, you told me, was like a Virginian nightingale : why, it's like a crack'd warming pan :---And, as for dimples !---To be sure she has the devil's own dimples !---Yes ! and you told me she had a lovely down upon her chin, like the down of a peach ;---but, damme, if ever I saw such down upon any human creature in my life, except once upon an old goat.

D. Ped. What, sir ! do you mean to insult me, and abuse my daughter, that is allowed to be the handsomest girl in all Spain !---But, I suppose you want to be off from the match.

En. What the devil shall I say now ?---Why then, seriously, Don Pedro, do you think your daughter handsome ?

D. Ped. The finest girl in all Spain !---

En. Lord ! Lord ! How partial some parents are to their children !---Then, since you provoke me to speak, she's a downright witch ---

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Hey day !---you seem to be upon odd terms, for a father and son-in-law.

D. Ped. What's that to you, you jack-a-napes !

En. He looks plaguy angry with me, I believe I had better draw in my horns, or I shan't have his bit of dimity. [*Aside.*]

A I R.

Enoch. Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend ;
My mistress I love, and I value my friend :
To win her and wed her, is still my request,
For better for worse—and I swear I don't jest.

D. Ped. Zounds ! you'd best not provoke me my rage is
so high.

Enoch. Hold him fast I beseech you, his rage is so high.
Good sir you're too hot, and this place I must fly.

D. Ped. You're a knave and a sot, and this place had
best fly.

En. You are in such a passion now :--[*Going to him.*]---Did you think I was in earnest ?--I was but jesting all the while.---You're so hasty, Don Pedro ; I had only a mind to joke a little ; that was all, upon my honour !

D. Ped. Then you was not in earnest ?--Zounds ! I thought you were in earnest.---But, I can forgive a joke as well as any one :--but take care how you carry your jokes so far ; for I was near being in a bit of a passion. Come, get some wine here ; and that will drown all animosities.

A I R—T R I O.

Don Pedro, Enoch, and Lorenzo.

A bumper of good liquor,

Will end a contest quisker,

Than justice, judge, or vicar :

So fill a chearful glass,

And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,

Why sooner drain the barrel,

Than be the hateful fellow,

That's crabbed when he's mellow.

A bumper, &c.

SCENE IV.

Street.---ENOCH and OCTAVIO, meeting.

En Good day, Octavio :---I am glad to have met you : I have been in pursuit of you.

Oct. I am happy you have found me. What is your business with me, Enoch ?

En. Only a little love affair :---that's all.---Flora is run away from her father, Don Guzman ; and has

laid her commands upon me, to bring you to her.---
You have 'no objection, I hope, sir :---a very fine
girl !

Os. Two things forbid it : friendship and honour.
Flora, Don Guzman's daughter !---It cannot be me
she sent for.

En. Oh, damn your friendship and honour.---Go
to her. I say it was you she sent for, and go you
must. She is all impatience, and waiting at Don Lo-
renzo's lodgings.---Come, come, and I'll conduct you
to her.

Os. Well, I'll go to her.---Possibly I may be able to
serve her, with regard to my friend Lorenzo. [*Aside.*]
Lead on Enoch, and I'll follow.

En. Methinks you are devilish loath to visit a pretty
wench.---If she had sent for me, I should have taken
pity on her instantly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter SOPHIA.

A I R.

*What bard, O Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move !
Ah ! sure he has some lover
Who ne'er had left his love !*

*For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day,
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings ?
What bard, &c.*

Enter LORENZO.

Soph. What has detained you so long ?---Where is Octavio, dear brother ?

Lor. I have been in search of him, but without success : Enoch is now in pursuit of him.

Soph. Cruel, cruel man !---You was never in love ; else you would not sport with the anxiety of a tender heart ! [*Lorenzo sighs.*] But, was you, Lorenzo, was you ever in love ?---

Lor. I was, Sophia.

Soph. And, was your mistress true ?

Lor. Oh ! had she been always so I had been happy.

A I R.

Lor. *Oh, had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish,
But, think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish ;
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perisb'd,
And then, with cold and fix'd disdain,
To kill the hope she cherisb'd !*

*Not worse his fate—who, on a wreck
That drove as winds did blow it—
Silent had left the shatter'd deck
To find a grave below it :
Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
He glow'd with joy to hear it,
—Not worse his fate—his woe to find
The wreck must sink e'er near it.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Two gentlemen below, sir.

Soph. Octavio and Enoch, no doubt. We'll retire a moment, to see Octavio's surprize. Let us step in to this room. *[Goes to the door of the scene.]*

Enter OCTAVIO, ENOCH, and SERVANT.

En. Where is Flora?—I have found Octavio, and have brought him to you at last: for it was with great difficulty I persuaded him to come with me. *[Servant points to the door where Sophia is.—Octavio goes in reluctantly.]*

En. I think I'll just take a peep, to see the meeting. So, so, I think he has pretty well reconciled his friendship and honour to the interview.—He does not seem to feel any qualms of conscience now. I'll leave them to settle the rest, and pursue my own business.

[Exit.]

Enter SOPHIA, OCTAVIO, and LORENZO.

Os. And are you sure the Jew does not suspect the plot contrived against him?

Soph. Not in the least. He is too vain of his own person; and money is his aim: therefore he thinks every charm is centered in Urfula.

Os. How shall I thank you, my dear Sophia! for the confidence you repose in me?—Alas! I feared my all was lost; considering my want of fortune, and that your father's cruelty would oblige us to renounce our love.

Lor. Permit me, my dear friend, to wish you joy on this happy meeting.—May every hour of your life prove as happy as the present!

Os. I thank you, my dear Lorenzo.—And now, Sophia, that happiness is within our reach, why should we delay one moment?—I'll go and bring a priest, that shall put it out of the power of man to part us.

[*Goi.*]

Soph. [*Stopping him.*] Stay, Octavio!—Though I have been so imprudent as to leave my father's house, and fly to you for protection, it was to avoid the hated marriage with the Jew:—But you'll shew your love by leaving the management of this to my direction.

Lor. Come, come, Octavio, as my sister has hitherto confided in you, 'tis but just you should let her now command.

Os. I must obey.—But, why do we trifle with

the hours, so precious to us both?—Your father must be reconciled, when we are made one.

Soph. No more, I beseech you.—I will go to my friend Flora's apartment, and write my letter. I hope you will not fail to meet me there.

Os. I submit with pleasure and shall be impatient for the moment.

A I R.—TRIO.

Octavio, Lorenzo, and Sophia.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,

Where love has been receiv'd a welcome guest ;

As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,

He hallows ev'ry heart he once has sway'd ;

And (when his presence we no longer share),

Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Hall in Don Pedro's House.---Enter DON PEDRO and
SERVANT.*

Don Pedro.

WELL, to be sure ; these women are strange beings : they never know their own minds a minute. —Why now, it was but this morning, that she could never marry Enoch, because he was a Jew : and behold this afternoon, she is eloped with him. —Are you sure it was them ? —

Serv. O yes, sir, it was indeed. I saw them in a post-chaise, driving from the garden gate. You know, sir, it was by your commands the gardener gave him the key to walk with my young lady on the parterre.

D. Ped. I rejoice to hear it ; —the news makes my old heart glad ; —and my daughter will be happy.

Enter SERVANT, with a letter.

Serv. My master, Enoch, sends this letter with all due respect to your honour.

D. Ped. Here, give it me, you dog. —This is to inform me, I suppose, he is married, and to crave

my leave to return.---I am transported !---[*Reads.*]
 “ Sir, your approbation of what I have already done
 “ would give me the greatest pleasure : I am anxious to
 “ receive your blessing, and will immediately return, if
 “ I have your permission. Sophia’s duty to her dearest
 “ father. By the time this reaches your hand I shall be
 “ honoured with the title of your son-in-law.

Enoch Issachar.”

—As I could wish !—Here, Lopez ! Francis
 Vasquez ! put on your best liveries ; throw open all
 the doors ; call the cook ; bid him prepare a supper
 with all the delicacies Spain affords :—bid all my
 neighbours welcome ; and request them to partake
 my happiness ; tell them I expect my son and daugh-
 ter home.—Get the keys of the cellar, and make
 all happy.

Enter second SERVANT, with a letter.

Serv. This from my young mistress.

D. Ped. Why, ay, this is from Sophia.—Since
 Enoch wrote to me, what needs the little baggage trou-
 ble herself ?—One would think they were not toge-
 ther when these were wrote.---Let me see—[*Reads.*]
 “ Dearest papa, tho’ I have been so imprudent as to
 “ leave your house, I hope you will pardon the indiscre-
 “ tion : It is with a man who is passionately fond of me,
 “ and whose merits equally claim my regard. Your con-
 “ sent, before the ceremony is performed, will make
 “ blessed your dutiful daughter, *Sophia.*”

Go, get pen, ink, and paper in my room, that I

may send my consent with all haste.—My heart is so light, methinks I have renewed my age.

A I R.

D. Ped. *O the days when I was young,
When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.*

*Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.
O the days, &c.*

*Truth they say lies in a well ;
Why I vow I ne'er could see—
Let the water-drinkers tell,
—There it always lay for me :*

*For, when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask :
But still honest truth I found
—In the bottom of each flask.
O the days, &c.*

*True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay ;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey :*

*Yet old Jerome thou may'st boast,
While the spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost
Glow's a spark of youthful fire.
O the days, &c.*

SCENE II.

Street.---Enter LORENZO, walking about uneasy.

Lor. To what a dreadful dilemma have I brought myself by my own fond officious folly!----to lose the only object upon earth I could be happy with!----Yet, why should I condemn myself?---It is too plain her affections are estranged; and Octavio is the happy man.

A I R.

Lor. Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd
The temper of my mind!
My heart, by thee from mirth estrang'd,
Becomes like thee unkind!

*By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
I once ambitious was;
And friends I had that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applause.---*

*But now my weakness all abuse,
Yet vain their taunts on me,
Friends, fortune, fame itself, I'd lose,
To gain one smile from thee !*

*Yet only thou shouldst not despise
My folly or my woe ;
If I am mad in others eyes,
'Tis thou hast made me so.*

*But days like these with doubting curst
I will not long endure :
Am I despis'd ?—I know the worst,
And also know my cure.*

*If false, her vows she dare renounce,
She instant ends my pain :
For, oh ! that heart must break at once
—Which cannot hate again !*

Enter ENOCH, hastily.

Lor. Whither in such haste, Enoch ?—What's the matter ?

En. O, Lorenzo, is that you ?—What think you of the gentle Flora, Don Guzman's daughter ?—She is run away from her father, for the sake of her lover, and she says he knows nothing of the matter.

Lor. Dear girl ! no more I did.—Where is she ?

En. Be but patient, and I'll tell you all.—She sent for him.—

Lor. Well, carry me to her this moment! [*Dragging Enoch.*] Carry me to her!

En. Well, well, mercy on us, how violent you are! — Why I did carry the person she sent for: It was Don Octavio.

Lor. Octavio, that she sent for!

En. Yes it was. — But he was devilish loth to go, 'till I persuaded him. — He talked much about friendship and honour. — but I said, damn your honour.

Lor. The devil, you did. — Oh! wretch that I am! misery and distraction come upon me!

En. Why, sure you was not the fool that was in love with her. — Ha! ha! ha!

Lor. You unfeeling Israelite! — you dog! don't you pity me? [*Collaring him.*]

En. O, yes, sir, I do pity you most heartily. Dear brother in law! —

Lor. You do pity me, do you, villain?

[*Going to beat him.*]

En. O, no, sir, upon my soul, I do not pity you: my dear brother-in-law!

Lor. There, then: — take that villain! and that — and that. [*Following him round the stage beating him.*]

En. Oh! my dear brother-in-law — that is to be — Oh! spare me, my dear brother! —

Lor. Then, sirrah, begone! and remember, 'tis only your insignificance that protects you.

En. Then, egad my insignificance is the best friend I ever had in all my life. — Oh! what a cursed, bully-headed, bloody-minded, swaggering dog it is!

[*Exit, stealing off.*]

A I R.

Lor. *Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind,
When treach'ry two fond hearts would rend!
But oh! how keener far the pang, to find
That traitor in our bosom friend!*

SCENE III.

A Wood.—Enter Flora, Sophia, and Octavio.

A I R.

Flo. *By him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies!
One day apart 'tis ended,
Behold him, and it dies!*

*Last night your roving brother
Enrag'd I bade depart,
And sure his rude presumption
Deserv'd to lose my heart:—
Yet, were he now before me,
In spite of injur'd pride,
If fear my eyes would pardon—
Before my tongue could chide,
By him we love, &c.*

With truth the bold deceiver

To me thus oft has said——

‘ In vain would Flora slight me,

‘ In vain she would upbraid !

‘ No scorn those lips discover——

‘ Where dimples laugh the while ;

‘ No frowns appear resentful,

‘ Where heav’n has stamp’d a smile !

By him we love, &c.

Flo. My dear Sophia, you will soon be happy.——

For my part, I am doom’d to pass the long solitary hours in this dreary mansion---Heigho. [Sighing.

Soph. Indeed, my dear, you are mistaken : for, if my father does not give his consent, how are we to live ?—without a fortune, without friends of course---

Os. Do not grieve, my dearest love ?——

A I R.

Os. *How oft, Louisa, hast thou said*
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou wouldst not lose Osavio, love !
To reign the partner of a throne !

And by those lips that spoke so kind !
And by this hand I press’d to mine !
 —*To gain a subject nation’s love,*
I swear I would not part with thine.

*Then how my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy !
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee—a monarch I.*

*Thus, uncontroul'd in mutual blifs,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine—
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine !*

Enter a NUN, veiled, with a letter.

Soph. Now, indeed, we are nearer happiness. Here's a wonderful change ;—my father's free consent.

Os. Is it possible !—This is joy beyond expression !
—Let us no longer delay our blifs !—I will fly and bring the priest.

Soph. Stay, Octavio.

Os. My life !——

Soph. Had not you better take me with you ?—perhaps you will not find me here on your return.

Os. Thus let me thank thee for thy fond advice.

[*Kisses her.*]

[*Exeunt Os. and Soph.*]

Flo. There they go, as happy as heart can wish :—
May every blessing attend them !

Enter LORENZO, looking after Octavio and Sophia.

Flo. So ! this should be Lorenzo.—How got he in, I wonder ?—By the help of a bribe, no doubt.

Lor. [*Looking after them.*] There is Octavio with

her ; and, for aught I know, going to be married.—
I shall run distracted ! [Going.]

Flo. Sir, sir ! [Stopping him.]

Lor. Psha ! let me alone.——

Flo. What do you want, sir ?—you appear unhappy.

Lor. Not you, child, not you.—But, pray, good nun, is not that Octavio ?

Flo. Assuredly it is.

Lor. And is not that Flora with him ?

Flo. Flora is not yet gone out of the garden.

Lor. One question more ; and I'll trouble you no further.—Are they going to be married ?

Flo. They are, sir.

Lor. Oh ! unfortunate that I am—But I will follow them——upbraid them with their falsehood——and—have done for ever. [Exit Lor.]

Flo. Well, I'll follow. Sophia may not be the only bride to-day.

A I R.

Flo. *Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs !
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inur'd by hymns and sorrow, fare you well !
For happier scenes, I fly this darksome grove,
——To saints a prison, but a tomb to love !*

SCENE IV.

Monastery — Enter Father JOHN, Father TITUS, Father MATTHEW, and other Friars, drinking.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

*This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine,
We — planets who are not able,
Without his help to shine.*

*Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrowed light,
And shine as he goes round!*

F. John. Come, fill. Here's to the blue-ey'd nun
of St. Catharine's. *[Drinks.]*

All. Agreed. — The blue-ey'd nun of St. Catharine's. *[Drinks.]*

F. John. Here's to the mother abbess. *[Drinks.]*

All. To our mother abbess. *[Drinks.]*

F. John. Have there been any legacies or donations since our last meeting?

F. Matt. Fifty pounds from an usurer, on his death-bed, to pay his soul through purgatory.

F. John. Well, that will pay for our candles, brother Matthew. Any thing more?

F. Matt. A thousand dollars, from a lady, to be applied to charitable uses.

F. John. The best of uses—to discharge our wine bill.

F. Matt. A large silver lamp, by Don Emanuel de Castro, to be kept continually burning in the tomb of St. Anthony.

F. John. Which we will melt down, to bring in more luscious provisions, than any we have yet mentioned; for St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark—tho' he was——

F. Matt. Forty pistoles I have received for confession.

F. John. Very good—that will help to pay our butcher's bill.

[A loud knocking at the door;—they all retire, but John and Matthew.]

Enter a PORTER, meagre and pale.

F. John. *[With a glass in his hand.]* What dost thou want?

Porter. I thought you had done your morning rites.

F. John. Done!—No!—Have we, brother Matthew?

F. Matt. No, not by a bottle, man.

F. John. I suppose thy sinful disposition has brought thee to see what was to be had to gratify thy worldly voracious appetite. Thy pamper'd looks are a scandal to our order.—If you are hungry, are there not the roots of the earth?—*[Eats cake.]*—And, if you are dry, is there not the clear stream?—*[Drinks wine.]*

Porter. Some company would speak with your holiness, if your morning devotions are ended.

[*Father John drinks, and gives the glass to the Porter, who puts it to his mouth.*]

F. John. So, you sinful wretch, if there had been any thing in it, you would have drank it.—Admit them.

SCENE V.

Enter OCTAVIO and ENOCH.

OA. We are come, father, to solicit your aid, to join us in nuptial bands, and hope not too late.

F. John. Yes, sir, but you are, by half an hour;—you must be patient, and wait another day.

OA. But, good father, love is impatient, and we cannot wait;—pray, dispatch us. [*Giving gold.*] And let this plead for me.

F. John. Nay, now you offended me grossly—I must not take gold; it hurts my conscience:—but, here's a place in my habit, you may lodge it in:—upon your own head be the sin.—And on this side is another.—

En. O, I understand you.—There, father.—I shall need your help presently; but dispatch your present office.

F. John. The sins of this town almost distract me—

they make me linger in flesh to see them daily committed before my eyes.

Os. One would imagine, indeed, they were under your nose ; for it blushes more than the rest of your face.

En. Here comes Lorenzo : I'll not stay, for he's a desperate fellow.—Octavio, you had better go.

Os. Why should I fear him?—Blessed with my love, I'll stand my ground.

En. The devil take me if I do ;—he almost broke my bones just now ; so I'll take my leave.—Father, you shall see me again. *[Exit.]*

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Octavio, is this your friendship?—How can you answer for such treatment?—Thy life shall pay for it :—Draw, sir! *[Draws.]*

Soph. Why, brother, you appear angry : *[Discovering herself]* What's the matter?

Enter FLORA behind him, veiled.

F. John. Certainly the man has not a mind to marry his own sister.

Lor. Sophia!—Is it you that I have mistaken for Flora all this while?—Where is she fled?

Flo. What is it you want, sir—Not you, child, not you— *[Mocking him.]*

Os. Octavio, I blush for my folly—Sophia, what shall I say?—Flora, my angel, can you forgive me? Love is blind.

DUETTO.

*Oft does Hymen smile to hear,
Worldly vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere,
Never slow to give reward.*

*For his glory is to prove
Kind to those who wed for love.*

SCENE VI.

Enter DON PEDRO.

D. Ped. Methinks they are very slow:—I wish they were come.—Oh, here's Enoch.

Enter ENOCH.

En. I am returned with joy to crave your blessing.

D. Ped. But where's my daughter!—my dear girl!—Why did not she accompany you?—Every moment is an age, 'till I see her.

En. She is waiting for your permission to throw herself at your feet.

D. Ped. Run!—Bring her to me!—She'll gladden my old heart. [*Exit Enoch.*—I am all joy.

Enter ENOCH and GOVERNESS.

D. Ped. O Lord!—Is that my daughter?—Why the man is surely mad!

En. Why do you look at her so, sir?—Go, my dear, and throw your snowy arms round your papa.—He will forgive you. Don't be so uneasy—go to him—

Gov. My dear papa! [*Running to him and embracing him.*] You will not sure be so cruel as to disown me!

D. Ped. Papa! dear papa!—What the devil do you mean, you have not married Ursula, the old Governess, have you, instead of my beautiful daughter?

Gov. O, you are a cruel parent!

D. Ped. O Lord! Lord! will nobody relieve me from this old hag.

En. Did I not tell you, she was as ugly as the devil; and you would not believe me?—And so, then, I am taken in with this old Jezzabel.

Gov. I'll let you know whether I am not a match too good for you.

Enter OCTAVIO and SOPHIA.

Oct. I am come, sir, with my dear Sophia, to ask forgiveness, and to claim your blessing.

D. Ped. You shall have neither, sir!—You have cheated me of my daughter;—and do you think I can so easily forgive it?

Oct. There, sir, is your own consent, in your handwriting, signed by your own name.

D. Ped. Sir, it was through a stratagem you obtained that consent :—and you shall not possess a rial of her fortune.

Soph. Believe me, sir, I never meant to deceive you, to marry without your consent.—I would not receive Octavio for a husband, until I obtained it by your letter.

D. Ped. No matter, madam.—You shall not have a marvedie of your fortune.

Os. I care not, sir.—In herself I have a treasure.—Give me but your blessing, make me happy—and I am content.

D. Ped. A generous fellow, this. [*Aside.*] Do you think, sir, you are the only man in Spain that can do a generous act?—There, sir :—since my daughter is your's, her fortune shall be also :—There's my blessing, too :—and, since you are so generous to despise her fortune, no man in Spain better deserves it.

[*They both kneel.*]

Soph. Accept our grateful thanks !—

Enter LORENZO and FLORA.

D. Ped. Hey day ! What have we here !—Have you been robbing a nunnery ?

Lor. This is Donna Flora, sir, Don Guzman's daughter, and my wife, with a good fortune.

D. Ped. Come here, you little slut, and kiss me.—You young dog, you have made a good choice.—Bless you my children !—And may you ever be as happy as at present.

En. And must I stand to my bargain with this old witch.

Gov. Upon my word ! you have no need to complain ; who are you ! [*Following him round the stage.*] I will let you know, sir, I have a brother, an Alguazile, that wears a sword--you ill-looking diminutive wretch.

En. The devil's dam is broke loose, and her whole fury is levelled at me.

Soph. Well, little Enoch, you were always keen, — devilish keen. —

Lor. Your mother always called you wise little Solomon.

D. Ped. No body could ever put a trick on you :— Hey ! Enoch !

Lor. Cunning little Enoch !

En. Is there no way to avoid these everlasting tongues ? This door will befriend me :— I'll fly to Jerusalem to get rid of that bit of dimity. [*Exit En.*]

Gov. Fly where you will — I'll follow you.
[*Exit Gov.*]

FINALE AND CHORUS.

*Come now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
'Till we banish care away.
Thus crown'd with dance and song,
The hours shall glide along.
With a heart at ease—merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.
Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, &c.*

*Then a health to ev'ry friend,
The night's repast shall end,
With a heart at ease, &c.*

*Nor while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious care annoy us,
Let us laugh and play, &c.*

*For gen'rous guests like these,
Accept the wish to please.*

*So we'll laugh and play, all blithe and gay,
Your smiles drive care away.*

A grand Masquerade Scene, with Dances, &c. &c.

FINIS.